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A WORD FOR THE PAGAN.

BY MISS C. J. LOOMIS.

I dreamed a sad and troubled dream.
On waters wide I sailed
For days and days, till overhead
The constellations paled,
And stars unknown to our lone way
Their lambent lustre lent;
The Southern Cross I saw, and knew
We left the Occident.
And still we sailed; Pacific's wave
Grew warm beneath our prow,
And phosphorescent insect fire
Played, sparkling round the bow;
I sniffed Molucca's groves of spice;
And still our course was bent
Toward lands that seem almost a myth—
The fabled Orient.
At last we gained far India's shore,
And up her sacred stream,
Strange tropic scenes on either hand,
We floated, in my dream;
Tall plumy palms and banyan trees
Their penons green unfurled,
In Brahmaputra's wondrous vales—
The garden of the world.
And here the Deccan's bosom bore
Golconda's treasures rare;
And gorgeous fountains, unknown before,
Bloomed marvelously fair;
From earliest ages coveted
By nations of the West,
Yet, mid her lavish opulence,
Sad India sits unblest;
For woman is a thing accursed;
Dark-browed and dusky-eyed,
I saw her at her idol shrines,
And Gangue's waves beside;
The very babe upon her breast,
In superstition's zeal,
She flung to hungry crocodiles,
As if her heart were steel.
I saw the martyred myriads
Of mothers, anguish riven,
In nameless rites idolatrous,
Seek thus to purchase heaven;
Through prison-like zenana walls
Came woman's plaintive cry,
Till all the perfumed Indian air
Echoed her misery.
O, Christian woman, bending low
And late o'er fiction's page!
Can that imagined, sickly woe
Thy sympathies engage,
While tragedies unknown, unsung
By histrionic art,
Crush all the life and sweetness from
Thy Hindu sister's heart?
Rise, oh thou highly favored one,
And from thy boarded pelf
Give lavishly; remembering
That Jesus gave Himself;
And then in holy covenant
Thy Christian vows renew,
And ask obediently, "Lord,
What wilt Thou have me do?"

CHURCH NURTURE.

BY REV. S. R. DENNIS.

Childhood conversion, as well as the
culture of children after their reception
into our Churches, are questions of
grave and intense concern. The point
I wish to consider, is the proper treat-
ment of children as members of our
Churches. There are few Churches, I
take it, where there are not more or
less children enrolled among the mem-
bership. The time is coming (God
grant it may be soon) when a majority
will be youths—when it may be said
of the Church militant, as of the Church
triumphant, "of such is the kingdom
of heaven." I look in this direction for
the dawn of the millennium and the
coming of the bridegroom.
The neglect of children, when once
members of the Church, grows partly
out of our skepticism concerning the
conversion of very young persons. We
only half believe, as yet, in childhood
regeneration; so that, when one pro-
fesses a change of heart, we count it as
abnormal; and if they are received into
the Church, it is rather by a doubtful
courtesy than an unquestioned right.
They are left, therefore, very much to
themselves.
Let now the whole public sentiment
change, and children be earnestly
sought out and brought to Christ, as
the most promising subjects of His
grace; let parents and teachers feel
that their little ones must become dis-
ciples of Jesus in the early morning of
life; let us as pastors feed and train

more tenderly the lambs of our flock,
and use greater endeavors to lead them
to the Shepherd of Israel, and the whole
treatment of children as members of
our Churches would change. We are
skeptical where our faith should be
strongest, and in this way fail to make
the most economic use of our time and
strength. We are all the while firing
at game too far away to be killed, save
by a chance shot, and shooting over the
heads of that which is near at hand and
easily secured.

On the road from Arlington to Win-
chester some one is trying to straighten
old elms in front of his grounds. A
strong wire is made fast to the tree
near the top, and carried some rods
away, and secured to a beam planted in
the ground. By means of a powerful
leverage they are straightened a little
every year. Had they been taken in
hand when mere saplings, they could
have been managed with ease, and
have been fashioned into graceful trees.
As pastors, we are spending too large
a proportion of our time in straighten-
ing old elms, when more time given to
the children and youths of our charges
would yield a much larger per cent. of
increase.

The hesitancy which some feel about
receiving very young persons to Church
membership is not without foundation.
You will find (such has been my expe-
rience) more or less in every commu-
nity who are now, or have at some
time been Church members, who united
in childhood, that have made shipwreck
of the faith, and their last estate is
worse than their first. There are
enough such instances to inspire some
minds with unnecessary caution. I am
sure, however, that a large per cent.
of such failures is due to the kind of wel-
come children receive when they come
into our Churches, and their subsequent
neglect. May I indulge in a few sug-
gestions on the treatment of young per-
sons as members of the Church?

1. They should be treated as various-
ly as they are constituted. Some are
reticent and shy; let them be encour-
aged, both by pastor and the adult
members. Some are impulsive, con-
fessing all they feel, and more; such
need a different treatment. Others are
keenly sensitive; neglect or criticism
kills them; one has little faith; the
tender blade must be carefully nurtured.
Another is over-confident, and
needs to be so handled as to chasten
without killing, and rebuked without de-
stroying self-reliance. Some need stim-
ulating, others pruning; some one
mode of treatment, others another. It
should be the study of the pastor and
older members of the Church to con-
siderately help and encourage all these
types of children.

Their reception into the Church is
sometimes most forbidding, not to say
cruel. Much hesitation is often exhib-
ited; their conversion is questioned;
their evidences are doubtfully weighed;
they are made to feel more like culprits
than Christ's dear little ones. When they
are received into the Church, it is with
such a mental reservation and prophecy
of failure as invites defeat. They feel it,
and lose courage. They understand
they are to be watched and criticised,
rather than cheered and encouraged.
Children in our Churches—why, sir,
they are orphans! O, how I have pitied
them. Their failure to reach the
highest style of piety is no marvel.
The atmosphere is too cold and thin
and dry—a poor place to rear Christ's
dear little ones. Our Churches are like
old hillside and rocky pastures in Au-
gust. It is all, and more than some of
us who are older, can do to live in
such an atmosphere; much less can
children endure it and thrive.

2. They should, moreover, be treated
as children. Too many of us think a
converted child is a little old man or
woman. We apply to them rules and
standards which belong to mature life.
We put the lad of ten into his grand-
father's coat, and expect him to walk
with all the decorum of a veteran. The
converted child, thank God, is still a
child. He acts, thinks, speaks, romps
and plays as a happy, joyous child.
Judgment, reason and reflection are
later in their development than our
other faculties, and regeneration, so
far as I have observed it, does not
hasten their appearance. It is a child-
piety, full of childish impulses and
waywardness we have to handle, and
we must make all allowances for mis-
takes and faults. Our hands should be
stretched out in love to raise up the
little wanderer and tenderly put him
back again into the narrow path.

3. Collect them, moreover, into
classes, and train and instruct them.
This is often done previous to their re-
ception into the Church, but much less
frequently afterwards. Let the pastor,
or some suitable person, bring them
together, pray with them, sing and
talk with them, find out their easily-
besetting sins, their difficulties and
trials, and encourage and reprove them
with all patience and love, and stimu-
late and guide their growth in grace.

I think there is an inviting field here
for the godly women of our Churches—

quite as promising as the school board,
or overseers of the poor. I should like
to see the term, "mothers in Israel,"
something more than an honorary title.
What the children in our Churches
need, are homes and mothers. Where,
then, they are grouped into classes,
let them be under the management of
some one or more considerate, gentle,
motherly woman, who, by their super-
ior tact and wisdom, shall lead them
up into a higher life. Men are not fit
to train children, either in the Church
or out of it; yet what consideration
the children get is from awkward and
unsympathizing brethren.

4. Make them active—the lads in
their way, and the misses in theirs.
Let them have meetings of their own,
where the pastor or some brother, or
what is better still, one of those godly
women I have named, shall be the only
adult person present. Encourage them
to speak and pray in their own simple
language. Put work upon them, from
the outset. This will develop, correct
and inspire them with confidence. It
will, moreover, react healthily upon
the Church itself, for in this, as in
many other things, a child shall lead
them. The unfolding and exhibit-
ion of child-piety, with all its sweet trust-
fulness, its simple, ardent faith, its
pure, sweet attractions and charms, is
to the Church, as well as the home, its
choicest benison; and like the home,
it is poor indeed without them. Blessed
is that Church whose quiver is full of
them. This blessing will be larger
and more complete as we, by wiser
and gentler measures, bring them for-
ward into well-rounded Christian man-
hood and womanhood—as we educate
and drill them for the duties of citizen-
ship and active life.

THE PATRIOTIC PHILOSOPHY.

BY PROF. W. C. SAWYER.

The doctrines of Christ, the Apostles,
and the Church Fathers, were so sim-
ple and practical as to discourage their
consideration in the capacity of a sys-
tem of philosophy. Yet they did pro-
fess to solve all the chief problems of
the philosophical schools, and to apply
the solution practically to the good of
men. Whether these doctrines were
sufficiently reasonable, consistent and
systematic to be called a philosophy,
I perhaps be apparent if we glance at
them.

Upon the request of a lawyer, Christ
gave two commandments—to love
God, and to love one's neighbor—upon
which hung, as he claimed, all the law
of the Jews. Paul wrote to the Gala-
tians that "all the law is fulfilled in
one word, even in this: 'thou shalt
love thy neighbor as thyself'; and to
the Romans, "love is the fulfilling of
the law." Love, then, is a principle
which, upon the strictest interpretation,
will in some way fulfill the whole re-
vealed will of God. How this single
principle can involve all we owe, either
to God or to men, is manifest in the
nature of love itself, which cannot
either inflict or permit any of the evils
against which the law makes provision,
and which operates to increase the
happiness of its subject quite as much
as of its object. Like the Golden Rule,
it covers all special cases by a univer-
sal principle, and so commands itself
to the human intelligence as to support
its claim to a divine authorship.

Paul recognized a law of the flesh
warring against the law of the Spirit,
but rejoiced in being able to overcome
the former by the Spirit of God, which
is not the spirit of bondage, but the
Spirit of adoption, whereby as many as
are led by it become the sons of God,
the Spirit itself bearing witness with
their spirit that they are the children of
God; and if children, then heirs; heirs of
God, and joint-heirs with Christ.
This enables the thinking subject to be
at perfect peace with himself, his Cre-
ator, and his fellow-creatures, and to
enjoy those priceless fruits of the Spirit
which the philosophers sought so long
in vain. "But the fruit of the Spirit is
love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentle-
ness, goodness, faith, meekness, tem-
perance." Moreover, the sufferings of
this present time Paul reckoned un-
worthy to be compared with the glory
which shall be revealed in us, and
while waiting for that glorious mani-
festation, he is helped in his infirmities
by the Spirit, and cheered by hope, till
faith is lost in sight.

So simple, so cheering, and so per-
fect was the faith of the early Chris-
tians. Paul was its best expounder,
and was able to persuade multitudes
that by it they became heirs, together
with their crucified Master, to the
glory which He claimed to have had
with His Father before the world was.

If all these pretensions could be es-
tablished, philosophy had gained at last
the full fruition of its aspirations and
hopes. Here was the first cause re-
vealed—one God, with the attributes
of omnipotence and love. The creation
declared the deliberate work of His
hands, the nature of virtue explained,
the way to attain it shown, all needful
help in its attainment given, a divine
Comforter promised in this life, and in-

conceivable bliss in the life to come.
"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard,
neither have entered into the heart of
man the things which God hath pre-
pared for them that love Him."

Notwithstanding the activity of Neo-
platonists in the West, and of Hindoo
philosophers in the East, the patristic
period received its chief philosophical
character within the Church itself, at
the hands of the apostles and Church
fathers. We accordingly find the close
union between philosophical and theo-
logical thought throughout nearly
the whole period. The method by
which the early theologians convinced
their opponents and the world, was by
such reasoning as they were masters of,
though they came but slowly to any
such familiarity with philosophical
weapons as to enable them to cope to
advantage with their well-trained ad-
versaries. But the more they adopted
the formal culture of the philosophers,
the weaker became the opposition, and
the sooner was Neoplatonism driven
from the field.

The disposition of the Jewish and the
Gentile Christians to adopt one or other
extreme view regarding the authority
still to be recognized in the old Jewish
law, required the almost exclusive at-
tention of the apostolic fathers, so that
their writings are burdened with the
task of reconciling Jews and Gentiles
to each other and to Christianity. Jew-
ish Christians wished to join faith in
Christ to the observation of the whole
Mosaic law. The early Church, how-
ever, settled upon something nearer to
a Pauline antinomianism, replacing the
old ceremonial law with the new law
of love, and depending upon faith alone
for justification and sanctification.

Outside of this single subject, we find
among the earliest Church fathers very
little theorizing either upon revelation
itself, or upon its relation to reason.

VERMONT IN SPRING.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

If there is any fairer land than our
own New England, it must indeed be
fair; and Vermont is, to my eyes, the
most beautiful and picturesque of the
New England States.

As I rode hitherward from the depot
at Royalton, over a stage road of twelve
or fifteen miles, I thought I had never
beheld a more charming region. The
view was so exquisite that I could not
keep silent; sympathetically I felt to be
indispenable. "O, look! look!" I ex-
claimed to my fellow passengers (there
were but two of them); "was ever
any thing more lovely? It is certainly
like a scene among the delectable
mountains, or in the Isles of the blessed."

"Yes," said one woman next to me,
"it looks well enough. That's 'Jigger
Village.'"

Had her fist hit me hard in the stom-
ach, the shock had scarcely been great-
er. One dreadful trouble about New
England is the names given to places
and people. It does seem as if the
whole English language had been
sought over here for discordant, dis-
agreeable names.

There are in New England number-
less large families, having ten or a
dozen children, wherein is not one
pleasant sounding name. And no pa-
rent is so poor that he might not, in
this respect, bestow upon his child a
fair inheritance. And localities worthy
of the most poetic or august names
are disgraced by being called the "Gut-
of-the-Cat," or "Jigger Village!" It is
outrageous.

But I am happy to be able to state,
just here, that the woman who made
such an assault upon my feelings con-
cluded that she had made a mistake.
"Jigger Village" was farther on. So my
"valley of delight" was not ruined,
after all.

Presently my other traveling com-
panion began to discourse, and in a
few moments he had contrived to show
that he was an ardent admirer of nature,
but an utter unbeliever in revelation. He
spoke of Christ in such a way as to call
forth this remark:—

"It is a profound satisfaction, in
hearing men like you talk, to know
that to Him whom you reject every
knee is yet to bow, and every tongue
confess."

The man stared, grew a little red in
the face, hesitated somewhat, and then
said:—

"Well, if I have to come to that, I
shall say honestly to Him, 'I never was
so surprised in my life.'"

This interesting gentleman had pro-
claimed himself a pagan—an admirer
of the religion of the "heathen Chinese,"
and of the Brahmins—in short, of al-
most anything that is anti-Bible.

"Come, now," said the man, not un-
pleasantly, considering the treatment
he had met, "I knew you was smart
the minute I put my eyes on you. Just
listen to me; I can show you that there
never could have been any such being
as you Christians worship; you ought
to know better than that!"

But we declined to listen to any
thing further on the subject, and en-
treated him to believe that every word
he uttered was proving the exact truth

of the description the Bible gave of
Him—that he had no idea of how
much like "a fool" he was talking,
and that the sooner he hushed up, the
better he would feel by and bye, when
he came to know the truth, as he would
know it—perhaps too late.

This adjured, our pagan yielded, not
altogether ungraciously, to circumstan-
ces, and began unfolding a more agree-
able side of his character; so thereafter
we had peace inside the stage, as it
rolled along.

It finally set me down at a pretty cot-
tage in a romantic village, shut in by
mountains, and made merry by rushing
streams. Chelsea is a very attractive
village of fifteen or sixteen hundred in-
habitants. It has court-house, jail,
bank, money order post-office, and other
convenient institutions. A daily
stage connects it with South Royalton,
the nearest point at which one can take
the cars. To my mind 'tis all the more
delightful because the iron horse keeps
at such a distance. The house of my
present abode is very pleasant.

A brook [we fished in it when a boy,
Ed. HERALD], well walled in, runs past
my windows, and is to-day a foaming
torrent, full of whirlpools, waterfalls
and headlong rapids.

It is an irreful stream. A storm amid
the hills transforms it, in less than an
hour, from a clear, silver-voiced little
brook, to a turbid river; and some-
times it rages and rises and overflows
the wall. But I delight in it at all
times, and expect to value it above
gold and diamonds when come the
Summer heats, for along its banks in
the garden grow tall trees for shade,
and many bushes for berries; and you
see at once that it must be a delight-
ful resort. Lilacs bushes climb to my
windows, and are even budding now.
—How pleasant this chamber will be
with their sweet odor and the singing
of the brook. I wish every poor heart,
tired of toil in crowded, foul places,
tired of the hard streets of the city,
could have such a lovely place wherein
to hide and rest.

This is a pleasant summer resort,
and board can be had, I am told, for
three and four dollars a week. There
are lonely rambles for those who like
solitude; and there are pleasant peo-
ple for those who prefer company.
There are two live Churches here, a
Methodist and a Congregational. The
temperance movement has not, to my
knowledge, reached here yet. Indeed,
there hardly seems to be anything to
inspire it. There is a jail here, and in
it are four men—no woman; but al-
cohol did not bring any of them here.

The heavy rains of last month caused
great numbers of robins to perish.
Poor, dear little birds! Never did I
see them in such numbers as, about the
first of April, bore down the trees. I
thought this valley would be a wilder-
ness of song. But on the 10th and 11th
of April the storm and cold drove
them in flocks of hundreds into the gar-
dens, to eat ash berries, barberries, and
everything else that starving robins
will eat. We threw out grain, crumbs,
potatoes and all we could think of, to
them; but the dreadful birds killed
them. They are now being found dead
in the holes and corners into which
they crept those bitter nights. One
man thought to open the doors of his
barn and outhouses (honored be he),
and the poor robins flew gladly in. He
said the next morning they went out
in flocks when he entered the barn.
Thus some were saved alive, but they
are very few compared to the numbers
that came to herald summer.

On the morning of April 12th not a
robin was seen nor heard. That after-
noon we saw one—a solitary, bewil-
dered looking fellow, perched close by
our kitchen window, looking silently
around, as in dismay at the loss of all
his companions. His feathers were
tumbled, and his whole aspect discon-
solate. We consoled with him, sad
from the depths of our hearts, and he
seemed to like to listen, and he, or
some lone robin, has been about our
cottage ever since, sleeping in the cor-
ner evergreens, and coming near to
our windows now and then. But he
has been very silent until Saturday last,
when suddenly we heard a blithe
chark!

"Hark! I do believe robin has at
last found another mate," cried one,
with a rush out of doors. And there,
sure enough, the heart-broken wid-
ower sat in a tree by the gate, singing
away to a plump lady bird, who sang
gleefully back to him. They rested on
the Sabbath day, but set to work bright
and early on Monday morning, sitting
up a nest in a tree near my chamber
window. I notice that the bride does
nearly all the work. The tree over-
hangs the brook, and she fetches mud
in her bill, and just now she has torn
a long shred of moss from the tree. I
have hung out curled hair, rags,
strings and willow shavings for her
use. Work merrily away, pretty
birdie, and forget the deadly storm.
The children are seeking, and burying
with tears, in garden graves, the pretty
little bodies of your dead companions.

The story is reversed now. 'Tis the
children must bury the robins.
But children are not their only
mourners. Every one feels sad, and
some almost superstitious, over their
destruction. Many birds have been
saved by the thoughtful kindness of the
villagers. One impulse seemed to
move the people, and food was scatter-
ed in the yards and along the walks,
and in all places where the birds would
seek it, for these little denizens of air;
and they understood, and came.

Dear little darlings! They would
crowd the bushes, waiting and watch-
ing, and when we had taken out the
meal and wheat and crumbs, down
they would come, and the snow would
be filled full of their tiny tracks. They
became so tame about this cottage that
they seemed scarcely to fear us. I
hope this attention to the needs of our
feathered kin was general throughout
the extent of the storm. If not, many
thousands of birds must have perished,
and the worms will hold high carnival
all summer.

The time is coming, and now is,
when no one has a right to the name
of Christian who has not a heart warm
and kind to every creature that is made
and loved by God.

THOUGHTS ON THE PAST AND THE PRESENT.

The first number of the present vol-
ume of the HERALD arrested my atten-
tion by the review of the half century
of its existence. Almost a score of
years further back, to which my mem-
ory leads, and my mind was turned to
the consideration of the changes that
have taken place in the customs and
habits of the people, and I will offer a
few thoughts thus suggested, not on
religious or doctrinal changes, but
merely the customs of the people.

First, as to the using of spirituous
and fermented liquors. The business
of retailing them was generally con-
sidered a low, although necessary cal-
ling; yet I well remember that good
Christians, when stopping on short
journeys to feed their horses, thought it
necessary to have some gin sling for
themselves. At home their cellars
were supplied with hogheads of cider,
and in haying and harvest time not
only cider but rum was thought nec-
essary to sustain the laborers. Brew-
eries were owned by members of Churches,
and beer was bottled and sold as an
ordinary calling. How changed the
present condition of the Church and
community in regard to this custom.

Another custom prevailed to a lim-
ited extent, not approved by the Church,
but with only an occasional voice
raised against it. That custom has
continued, and increased in fearful
magnitude, unchecked if not unheeded
by the Church—the custom of horse-
racing.

Among the lower and illiterate
classes it was not uncommon at public
gatherings for two or more to proceed
from a quarrel to a fight, and the
crowd would form a circle around them,
and complacently command fair play,
until they thought they had pounded and
mauled each other enough, and would
then separate them. Elevating this
spirit to a higher level, the hot bloods
in defense of their honor would spurn
the natural armor of the fist, and shoot
at each other with more refined weap-
ons. We know well the effect of pub-
lic opinion and the power of the
Church on these disgusting practices.

The slave trade and slavery were
customs once practiced by good men;
but by the labors at first of a few other
good men, the Christian world became
convinced of their iniquity, and it is
only with abhorrence that we can look
back on those customs.

Another custom prevailed in my boy-
hood, which took such strong hold on
my young memory that the abhorrence
of it has never been obliterated. That
custom has continued to the present
time, with increasing power and ferocity,
over the wide world. The Christian
Church (except a few small branches)
has not, in its organized ecclesiastical
capacity, raised its voice against it. A
few scattered members, here and there,
were faithful to their convictions in the
days of our fathers, and a succession
of standard bearers have not been wanting;
and I am thankful to believe are
steadily increasing in number, to hold
up a testimony to its iniquity. I allude
to the heathen custom of war, far more
sinful, and of much greater magnitude
in its dreadful results, than either of the
others alluded to.

Having been educated by the Friends,
my education confirmed my judgment,
and my religious convictions confirmed
my conscience in the belief of the entire
incongruity of war with Christianity.
When we look back over the last fifty
years, and contemplate the dreadful
ravages of war's doings even in that
time, we can count up millions of lives
that have been sacrificed; and strange
to say, a vast portion of them members
of Christian Churches. Do we not thus
see the inconsistency of the Church in
upholding its members in this unholy
practice?

ZION'S HERALD.

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ALONZO S. WEED,
Publishing Agent,
36 BROMFIELD ST., BOSTON.

THE CATECOMBS OF ROME.

BY REV. H. W. WARREN.

What a perfect fascination have
these memorials of the Church so near
to the time of Christ! How well we
remember the days in which we visited
their deep, solemn, cavernous depths.
The heart throbs yet with a quickened
beat, as we remember the places where
men praised God in depths that pre-
vented their voices from reaching the
ears of their enemies, but did not pre-
vent their reaching the ears of God.

I do not wonder that M. Bosio spent
thirty years studying the thousand
miles of passages, and the sepulchre
of six million bodies; nor that, when
M. D'Agincourt went there to stay six
months, he remained fifty years; nor
that De Rossi spent a life in "under-
ground Rome." There are no sweeter
poems of feeling in the world than
these "short and simple annals of the
poor;" no higher triumphs of Gospel
grace than those who fearlessly faced the
brutal Nero and his eleven fellow-per-
secuting emperors; no purer doctrine
than that received from the lips of
Paul so near to the source of life.

It is pleasant for us Protestants to see
that the fertile soil of Rome has
yielded proof that Peter had no pre-
-eminence, that Mary was not worshiped,
that priests married, that they baptized
infants, and did not immerse adults.

All this, and much more, a newly
opened book tells by its stony leaves.—
Rev. W. H. Withrow, its author, has gath-
ered all the scattered accounts, and re-
told the fascinating story, so that it has
held me, in spite of such knowledge
as made most of it a twice told tale.

DOCTRINAL PAPERS.

THE NECESSITY OF AN EDUCATED MINISTRY.

BY REV. A. CHURCH.

[Concluded.]

I have, perhaps, sufficiently indicated my ideas in regard to what may be called the higher education of the ministry; and I have not intended to disparage it, nor the recipients of it, in the least; on the contrary, I honor the men who are so earnestly at work in this portion of the Master's vineyard. I rejoice that men can be found who are ready to lay at the foot of the cross talents and acquisitions which would honor a diplomatic appointment or a political office, or might govern men and guide the State—qualifications that might, used as the world uses, wreath the brow with honors, and fill the coffers with wealth.

I honor learning; I love study for its own sake; I love it for its power for good; but the student life, in or out of the ministry, does not fill my entire horizon, brightly as it illuminates a portion of it. There is a phase of ministerial education that is somewhat lost sight of in the teaching of the day; I will call it ascetic. Paul, in his instructions to Timothy, brings in this among other items: "Thou, therefore, my son, endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." The climate of Italy and its luxury did what the armies of Rome could not do—conquered Hannibal. The ease and luxury of our later, compared with the former itinerant's life, may do what the devil failed to do for long years—conquer Methodist ministers. The asceticism of the Jesuits is founded in deep philosophy, and its fruits are sufficiently apparent, as well as alarming. Humanly speaking, it may be no doubtful problem which shall gain the ascendancy in the existing struggle—the endurance and absolute self-sacrifice of Jesuits, or the effeminate scholarship and love of literary pursuits in the Christian ministry. One Jesse Lee has more power to drive such a score of eloquent scholars defending the truth in city pulpits. Mr. Wesley understood the value of such training when he put in our General Rules these words: "Softness; needless self-indulgence." And his instructions to his preachers have the savor of what will call asceticism. In this I think is our power. When our young men shrink from three and four weeks' circuits, because of the privations and exposures, and the disadvantages in regard to study, they are simply refusing a discipline that made giants of our fathers.

I know it has been written that many a young man has been broken down in health, and driven from the ministry or to an early grave, by the effort to carry on his studies and do the work of a large circuit. So also I know that many have destroyed a strong constitution, and rendered themselves invalids for life, by pursuing a collegiate and professional course. Only lately I met the following illustrative record: Rev. James Carr, Jr., died in holy triumph, in his forty-fourth year, November 6, 1873. In 1851 he entered Wyoming Seminary, graduated with honor at Wesleyan University in 1859, and entered upon the work of the ministry, for which he seemed peculiarly fitted. Richly equipped (intellectually), tall, commanding and impressive in person, bland, affable and engaging in manners, winning in address, and, above all, deeply devoted to God, he was endowed in no ordinary measure as a successful minister of Christ. But his devotion to study had been so intense, and his labors during the two years of his itinerant ministry so ardent, that he was compelled by broken health to desist from his work.

We shall hardly be permitted to go behind this record; yet I will venture the suggestion that the two years of itinerant labor had so little to do with the result as hardly to justify its mention—certainly did not require it. Among the scholars who so worthily occupy prominent places, and fill our city pulpits, how few enjoy sound health—while among those who have acquired their education as they could, in the field and out of the exigencies of the work itself, how often do we meet robust health, with respectable attainments in literature and science, as well as professional studies.

Not many years since a theological professor repeatedly asserted in our pulpits that a man who could not read the Scriptures in the original Greek and Hebrew, was not fit to preach the gospel. To-day we read from one, of at least equal authority: "There is much in the Bible as to whose meaning a scholar has no advantage over other men, and where he is sometimes comparatively at disadvantage. In other cases where, in the reading of the Scriptures, some critical knowledge of old forms of thought and ancient ways is needed, the Scriptures themselves are the great storehouse of material for their own illustration. . . . The more the Bible is read, the clearer it grows; and this not by reason of its morally-illuminating power only, but of its mentally-illuminating power also. . . . Much of all that scholarship can do to make its old forms of thought intelligible, is done in a translation, by rendering them into corresponding forms of later thought. . . . With the Scriptures translated, the common reader has in this matter much the greater part of all the help that language-learning can give. . . . Again, in the translation you have much the best means of understanding the Bible, the very essence of comment once scattered in thousands of volumes, or piled away in hundreds of libraries."

I do not forget that we are indebted to scholars for this translation, and for revisions of our authorized version, though some were as well left unaltered. But I most heartily thank our author above for stating so fully that our Scriptures can be understood without a knowledge of the dead languages; and hence, that a minister can be educated for his work without it. This thought may give increase of confidence to some hard-working Bible-studying minister, who, under the impression that the originals cover some deep mysteries that a translation can never convey, has moved on in his pulpit work, at least, with the hesitating step of him who walks in the dark; and to such it may give a new impulse in Biblical study, and increased satisfaction also; especially when the *helps* which the modern press groans with are taken into the work.

Let not these thoughts be construed as a plea for idleness, nor an apology for ignorance in the ministry. I have not lost sight of our point of departure, and still urge the necessity of study and education. Only I would assume that that education which may be acquired outside of college halls and theological seminaries—education better adapted to an efficient class of our ministry, at least, than that of the schools.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE WEST FOREVER.

BY REV. E. S. SNOW.

The West forever, for young men of pluck, and for young ladies too. But a young lady who has resolved never to marry, should not come to the West. It is a very unsafe place for her. The frontier is no nursery. A good Deacon told me this was a very dangerous place for a man with a family to settle, for in a few months the young men had got away all his daughters but one, of scarcely marriageable age; and a fine young man was hard after her.

Our superintendents of public instruction are constantly calling on the East for teachers. In this country there are 118 schools, and only 80 teachers with certificates. Hymen, worse than battles, thins the ranks. Our lady teachers are so soon called to honored professorships in that highest of all institutions, the family, that volunteers are constantly called to fill the vacancies.

A lady of talent, called to the charge of our graded school, with scarcely a year's service makes a flying visit East. Our handsome editor thinks it unsafe for her to travel alone, and hence he is writing rollicking letters to his paper from her home in "Maryland, my Maryland." A young lady comes alone and among strangers, and establishes herself in the millinery business. The frontier opens out with the latest fashions a little sooner than New York or Boston. Before the second Spring opening she is off on her wedding tour with a master mechanic. Gov. Andrew's female emigration scheme was ridiculed, and the ladies described as anxious and aimless. May not a Governor engage in many a worse enterprise?

My experience has always verified the truth of the old maxim, when one is doing well enough, to let well enough alone; but if one, restless and discontented, wishes to change his circumstances, and takes his chances for better or for worse, the vast domain of the West invites. Young men here sometimes get a start as nowhere else. Here is a fact—one of thousands:—

Three years ago, a farmer, living near me, gave his son \$300. He went into the stock business. He has now eighty head of cattle, a pair of good horses, and \$650 in cash, which he proposes to invest in cattle this Fall. In three years he has cleared \$3,000 on a capital of \$300. Not every one thus "strikes it." There are failures, of course, and causes of failures. Some men are failures, put them anywhere. But a farm is theirs for the taking. A few years of thrift and industry in a log-cabin; then comes the commodious frame-house, a well stocked and improved farm; and the young man of yesterday is worth from five to ten thousand dollars—rich enough for the purposes of this life. Does not more true enjoyment, more true culture, and more true religion lie in that happy mean the wise man describes, when he says, "give me neither poverty nor riches?"

How much do your millionaires, made by stock-gambling and railroad monopoly, add to the sum of human happiness? They are like men with the dropsy—with three or four extra pails of water in their systems. Of what use? Tap them, and let it run. A log cabin is not to be despised by a poor man with goodly prospects just ahead. It is yet full of comfort. The latch string is always out. There is solid, sound enjoyment. But when the young bride enters, to scatter sunshine, to beauty and adora, there is high joy, second only to what the poet describes:

"If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis where a youthful, loving, modest pair
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale."

He who is afraid of a grasshopper should never leave his mother's apron strings. What country does not have its good seasons and its bad seasons? Is the East exempt from fierce tornadoes, drought, and ague? Do we not read of prayers in your churches for rain? I have been four years in this place, and we have had only one tornado.

Every season has yielded most abundant crops, and this year, throughout Southwestern Kansas—the crops are good. It's a land of corn and oil and wine.

The West forever, for the speculator and money-lender, if from 1-1-2 to 4 per cent. per month is any better than is now realized in Massachusetts, with the repeal of the usury laws. There are splendid speculators here—magnificent failures also; for, "diamond cut diamond." The failures never get into the newspapers; only the successes stand out in colossal proportions before the public gaze. Nearly every county has its Eastern man, loaning his thousands, and the business of the banks is immense. One bank near here at this time has loaned out a quarter of a million dollars at 1-1-2 per cent. to a few cattle men, who want to hold over their cattle for Spring prices. This bank is not the only one that has realized a fortune in a night; there are many banks and many cattle men. The great evil of the West is debt. That French traveler, who thought there might perhaps be this universal characteristic, "all men love lazy," would have found himself mistaken had he lived on the frontier. The lazy man never gets to the far West. Here is found the universal rage to get into debt—to *volte bonds*. It is bonds for railroads. The sage Greeley said truly, "Kansas is railroad mad." There are bonds for school-houses, for court-houses, for bridges, and for shade trees; it's bonds for this, and bonds for that. It was said of a Boston church, that its steeple was built so high that it turned its people out of doors. Yet these splendid public improvements we must have, it is said, though it seems hard, else a rival town or city draws the business, wealth and immigration; and we are—as if never before. Who ever knew a Western town to fail? O, ye tax grumblers of the East, come West, and pay from five to eight per cent. for taxes; and then forever cease your howlings! If an Eastern man comes among us with a flourish of trumpets, and makes a bad failure, the next morning the people are on the street talking up the question of voting bonds to import him for the benefit of the town. Every town has its newspaper; it takes two to run one, if rather small. We have always got along with one in this place.

The West forever, for the minister of the gospel! that superior man, I mean, filled with the Holy Ghost. None other need apply. The work of spreading scriptural holiness over these new lands especially demands a minister able to preach sermons of rousing power, and with God's blessing make men feel that there is a heaven, and a hell, and a judgment to come. Men are wanted who are willing to travel these circuits and preach three times on Sundays, and several times during the week, as did the Ashbys, Whitecoats, and the old pioneers. Your superior man can draw such crowds in these towns and country school-houses, on Sundays and week days, as only the West can turn out. Such men are especially demanded because of the material on which they are to work. The men made by the rush and friction of this Western life are sharp, and, when irreligious, their attention is commanded only by men of ability. A true Westerner is a Yankee energized. He will seldom listen to mediocrity a second time.

There is money enough here, though there be depths of poverty, and the right man is generously supported. This money is not in a rich Church, that can go forth and call its minister; it is outside, and must be commanded. Only such men can command it. Freely, generously, Eastern Conferences give their best men for presidents and professors in Western colleges; invite them to this frontier work, and churches will arise with the towns as a dream. Then your noble, generous laymen need not have their steps dogged continually by Western church beggars, and the Church Extension Society can use all its funds in aiding those poor societies in eastern cities in the building of their sixty thousand dollar edifices!

The places of worship, too, demand such men. There is no church-going bell, no spire pointing heavenward, no easy pews inviting. Congregations and Sabbath-schools are to be gathered and held in school-houses, in halls, in unoccupied buildings, in log-cabins. The fixtures are of the rudest kind—for seats, the soft side of a white-oak slab! All carry their own cushions; the fattest have the softest seats.

The West forever, for a vacation trip. Are the Adirondacks, or is a European tour any more exhilarating than three months on the frontier, alone, with the saddle bags, or in companies with a sent, going from town to town, honoring God's cause in the sanctification of believers and the multiplication of converts? A buffalo hunt, with a few deer or antelope, wild turkeys and prairie chickens without number, will vary the experience. A chicken hunt with trained bird dogs is sometimes rare sport. Multiply your national associations, ye men of muscle and brains, baptized with the Spirit.

Our Presiding Elders are often times men of the right stamp. You can tell them; they need no missionary appropriation to help out their salaries; they can command it anywhere; they are willing to take their chances; none are better paid. The two first men of this Conference are Presiding Elders. One of them, to my knowledge, never dabbles in cattle or corner lots. Many of their ministers are acceptable; but alas for some they are compelled to use in their work. Many a toothless old woman from a New England poor-house would be more efficient.

Here we have old-fashioned quarterly meetings, such as I have heard the fathers tell about in New England, but never saw. The Conference business comes on Saturday afternoon, with preaching in the evening; love-feast Sunday morning, followed by preaching, the collection and sacramental service; Sabbath-school meetings in the afternoon, with addresses; preaching again in the evening, and meetings three or four evenings during the week. Sometimes on one of the evenings the Elder gives a temperance lecture that makes all things quake. Their prayers seem to make heaven and earth meet. Abolish the presiding eldership, and you will rob the people of about the only feast of fat things they have during the year. With the right men it is a power for the Church in this section.

We have Episcopal tours around the world, and who objects? One of the Bishops has touched the frontier on the Northern Pacific Railroad; let one also go raiding up and down the frontier till the "iron enters his soul," and he feels the heart-breaking necessities of this work.

El Dorado, Butler Co., Kansas.

THE RIDE OF COLLINS GRAVES.

An Incident of the Flood in Massachusetts, on May 16th, 1874.

BY JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

No song of a soldier riding down
To the raging light from Winchester town;
No song of a time that shook the earth
With the nation's three at a nation's birth;
But the story of a brave man, free from fear
As Sheridan's self, or Paul Revere—
Who risked what they risked, free from strife,
And his promise of glorious pay—his life.

The peaceful valley was waked and stirred,
And the answering echoes of life were heard;
The dew still clings to the trees and grass,
And the early fowls, sunning, pass,
As they glance aside at the white-washed homes,
Or up the valley, where merrily comes
The laughing light from the mill-race mill.

As the sun comes over the Hampshire hills,
As the sun comes over the Hampshire hills,
What was it that passed like an ominous breath?
Like a shiver of fear, or a touch of death?
The valley is peaceful still,
The leaves are as fresh as the top of the hill.

It was not a sound, nor a thing of sense—
But a pain, like the pang of the short suspense
That wraps the being of those who see
At their feet the gall of eternity!

The air of the valley has felt the chill;
The water runs as the door of the mill;
The housewife, keen at the shivering air,
Arrests her foot on the cottage stair,
Indistinctly, taught by the mother-love,
And thinks of the sleeping ones above!

Why start the listeners? Why does the course
Of the mill-stream widen? Is it a horse?
The horse is gone, and the mill-stream wide;
That gallops so wildly Williams way?

God! what was that, like a human shriek
From the winding valley? Will nobody speak,
Who never answer those women who cry,
As the awful, terrible thunder by?

Whence come they? Listen! And now they hear
The sound of the galloping horse-hoofs near;
They watch the front of the vale, and see
The rider, who thunders so menacingly,
With waving arms and warning scream
To the home-filled banks of the valley stream.

He draws no rein, but he shakes the streets
With a shout and the ring of the galloping
And this cry that he flings to the wind:
"To the hills, for your lives! The flood is behind!"

He cries, and is gone; but they know not the
The treacherous Williamsburg dam has burst!
Thank God that nourished their happy homes,
Is changed to a demon. It comes!

A monster in aspect, with shaggy front
Of shattered dwellings, to take the brunt
Of the dwellings they shatter, white-maned
And hoarse.

The merciless terror fills the course
Of the narrow valley, and rushing, raves,
With death on the first of his hissing waves,
Till cottage and street and crowded mill
Are crumpled and crushed.

But onward still,
In front of the roaring flood, is heard
The galloping horse and the warning word,
That God that the brave man's life is spared!

From Williamsburg town he nobly dared
To ride to the rescue of the road
In front of the terrible wrath it moved;
For miles it thundered and crashed behind;
But the look ahead with a steadfast mind;
"They must be rescued!" was all he said,
As away on his terrible ride he sped.

When heroes are called for, bring the crown
To this Yankee rider; send him down
To the stream of time with the Curtius old;
His deed as the Roman's was brave and bold,
And the tale can as noble a thrill awake,
For he saved his life for the people's sake.
—Boston Pilot.

THE HEROIC READER AMONG LIONS.

You that have said the age of heroism has passed, read this report from Arizona:—

"Saint Paul's surroundings upon the streets of Athens, and 'on Mars Hill,' were to be preferred to those of a lone missionary in the town of Prescott, where there never has been a Sabbath; where blasphemy rivals 'the pit'; where drinking is excessive, and gambling at midnight exceeds that of noon, and whoredom is on the increase, carried on unblushingly both day and night; where a minister of righteousness stands at a discount, and the Bible and religion are denounced; and where a church is so despised that it is often heard, 'I wish the old thing would blow down,' which it came near doing."

"To save the church I went to work myself, and have accomplished in three weeks what would have cost \$100 to hire done; I also employed two mechanics at \$8 each per day, and said to say, another house of prostitution was to be added to the many already here, and the lumber which should have been put into the church has been applied to this profane use, and my men are there at work. A house of ill-fame is preferred to a sanctuary, ten-fold. Paul, in writing of the evils of his times, and of those whose God is their belly, whose glory is their shame, who mind earthly things, 'did it, not without pain, or even weeping.'"

"In buying lumber I had spent my last dollar. To save expense I hired an old vacated building out of town, and when laboring, as did 'Joseph, the carpenter,' and as hard as Paul did

at tent-making, I did my own cooking and mending, while for my bed I had, and have, between me and boards, old, worn, rat-eaten corn-sacks and one blanket; over me, my other blankets, *Advocate*, and a coat. When weary, and pained by sore hip bones, I did not forget John Wesley, who said, 'the skin is whole on one side,' yet was cheered by the presence of the heroic Nelson. Would to God I were, by some one. These little discomforts have nearly deprived me of sleep, especially the cold. I doubt whether I have slept fifty hours, soundly, in that many days and nights. Heaven forbid that I should complain! I feel no spirit of complaint, only against myself for lacking the evidences of my apostleship; nor would I have you understand the above only as the statement of facts.

"During the times of my absence the little class became completely scattered. The difficulties increase every time I go and come. If I had confined my labors here I am satisfied that ere this the church would have been finished, and the congregation increased.

"All the tables at which I have eaten without cost, in Prescott, I can count upon my fingers; yet I have spent over six months here, preached over sixty times, which have cost me over six dollars for each sermon. Nor is there a man or woman of earnest out-spoken piety.

"If sickness should overtake me, I know of only one place in Arizona where I could be made comfortable; and that is two hundred miles from here. 'Refuge fails me,' in God alone can I put my trust. Yes, and He alone is sufficient. I shall yet succeed, and this church will be both well finished and filled. I have been planning also to build a parsonage, by selling my watch to buy the lumber, and put it up with my own hands, as the enormous rents in two years would quite equal the cost of a house. We have room for several buildings, as there are nine lots in a body, 50x150 feet, and fronting on the street. I also am desirous of securing the store building, which would be ample in size and suitable in location for church purposes in Williamsburg Valley; and for which there are nearly \$300 subscribed. Only \$500 are asked for this and two acres of ground."

GLEZEN A. REEDER.

WESLEYAN METHODIST MISSIONS.

The Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Anniversary in England has this year been a thoroughly good one. The Rev. L. H. Wiseman read an abstract from the report, showing that, among the 400,000,000 of China, 30 missionary societies (of which 11 were American and German) were laboring. There were 196 European and American missionaries, 28 native ministers, and 648 native agents of all ranks—the Church members numbering about 9,000. In connection with their Chinese Mission there were 6 principal stations or circuits, 5 chapels, 8 other preaching places, 12 missionaries, 22 catechists, 164 day-school teachers, 238 members, 164 on trial, about 500 scholars, and 600 regular attendants on public worship. In the district of Canton the missionaries of various societies preached to about 150,000 different individuals per annum. A great amount of work had been done in tract distribution, liberal aid being given by the Religious Tract Society. The medical mission had also been a means of great good. Altogether, Protestant missionaries had won for Christ in China more than 10,000 converts, 2,000 being in connection with the various Methodist Churches.

Exeter Hall was crowded at the annual meeting. The report showed as total receipts, £167,993 (an increase of several thousands of pounds.) The work in Ireland, France, and Switzerland, Italy, Spain, and Portugal, was favorably reviewed. In India, Ceylon, South Africa, and Western Africa, the work had been steadily prosecuted, with gratifying success. In Fiji, out of a population of 250,000, 109,000 were attendants on public worship in more than 1,000 chapels. After the opening address, the President of the Conference (the Rev. G. T. Perkins, M. A.) adverted to the losses sustained by the society in the death of devoted laborers and friends, and paid a tribute to the memory of Dr. Livingstone. He said the income from foreign auxiliaries had quadrupled since the year 1850, and pointed to the sum of £200,000 as the yearly income to be aimed at. The Rev. J. R. Sawtell, from South Africa, explained the work carried on in Africa, showing how the liberality of the native Christians had advanced, and how gratifying was the increase in that most important department of mission labor—native agency. The institution at Heidelberg was not only a training ground for native school-masters, but was also being used, to some extent, as a college for native preachers.

The Rev. Dr. Punshon followed. It was seven years since last he had spoken at a similar anniversary gathering; and he took a review of the work of the missions during that period, which brought out some striking evidences of progress, one of these being the advance from 62,000 to 152,000 in the number of young people in the mission schools. He glanced at the progress in various fields, urged the claims of the Ladies' Female Education Society, struck a note of warning as to the progress of Popery in our own land, and in chaste language paid a tribute of affection to the many noble advocates and friends of missions whom he missed on his return from Canada. A few brief remarks from Dr. James, S. D. Waddy, esq., N. Lubrahnam, esq. (a Hindoo convert), the Rev. Dr. Osborn,

and W. Pearce, esq., on several formal resolutions, brought the proceedings to a close.

The annual meeting in aid of the Wesleyan Home Missions took place in City-road Chapel, W. S. Allen, M. P., presiding. The Rev. C. Prest, secretary of the fund, gave a report which told of gratifying increase in the membership on the Home Mission circuits, and of general progress. Addresses were given by Mr. Laverack, a young minister who went out in the Victor Emmanuel with troops to the Gold Coast; the Rev. G. T. Perkins, M. A., the Rev. Gerrasse Smith, the Rev. W. Arthur, the Rev. Dr. Jobson (who spoke of the necessity for greater Methodist effort in the villages), and the Rev. Dr. Punshon, who eloquently urged the Methodist people, in view of the spread of Ritualism, and the signs of the times generally, to give greater pastoral care to the village populations. The Rev. Doctor spoke very strongly of the evil influences arising out of the position taken by the representatives of the Church of England in some quarters, and aroused the Protestant sympathies of his hearers most thoroughly.

The Christian World.

MISSIONARY DEPARTMENT.

REV. R. W. ALLEN, EDITOR.

All the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord.—Isa. xvi. 6.

Our missionary work in India is advancing with a rapidity that is truly marvelous. Rev. E. W. Parker's letter to the home office has the right ring about it, and is about equally encouraging in the facts it sets forth, and the spirit it reveals. After giving a pretty full account of the doings of their Conference, at which Bishop Harris presided, he says:—

"We desire extra missionaries for Nynee Tal, Cawnpore, Lucknow, and Allahabad, who shall be sent out by the Board, but fully supported by the Churches which they serve. The man for Nynee Tal should be a man of experience, and of superior ability. His work will be in English, hence he will not be required to learn the language. The other men should be selected as missionaries, with no assurance that they will do only English work, for we may have men here who do can that work better, and the new men may be sent to native work. But we will support four men, if four extra can be sent to us. That is, our work now requires twenty-two men. We now desire twenty-six, four of whom will be supported by the English Churches here.

"Our work everywhere seems to be better prepared for work than ever before, as every year they get more and more baptized into the spirit of the work. The zeal and anxiety for success in saving souls that is manifest in present among the native brethren, is very encouraging indeed. A large number of persons have been baptized since the commencement of our cool season, and inquirers are constantly coming. Over one hundred have been baptized in one circuit. With this call comes one from Rev. William Taylor, in Lower India, asking for a dozen men, without families, all smitten with a passion for soul-saving, to come over and help, promising that they shall be supported, and asking the Board only to pay the expenses of transportation.

Was ever such an appeal made to the Church, and especially to the young men of the Church?"

SUMMARY OF MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.—In France, Spain and Portugal, difficulties still exist to a peaceful and successful prosecution of evangelistic work, arising largely from social and political commotions. Still, Protestantism in those countries is advancing.

The fiftieth anniversary of the Syria mission has just been celebrated at Beirut. Rev. Mr. Calhoun, Rev. Mr. Thompson, Rev. Dr. Bliss, Rev. Dr. Post, Rev. Prof. Porter, Rev. Mr. Robertson and others, took part in the most interesting services.

Rev. R. G. Wilder writes from Kolar, India, to the *Interior*, Chicago, that the three or four missionary societies operating at Benares, have large educational institutions in that city, in which there are 500 young men and 2,200 pupils, of whom 650 are girls and women, all under Christian teaching.

Our Book Table.

Henry Hoyt adds to his list quite a vigorous temperance story, entitled *The Mask Lettice*, by Erving Campbell. The story is introduced by the very old device of finding a manuscript in a trunk bought at auction. It is not an uncommon record of temptation, of a fall, of misery, of recovery, of inherited weakness, and of a final wholesome resolution of the boy that bought and read the manuscript, "never to take a drop of liquor"—spirituous, and as a beverage, without doubt he means. It is a good book.

The same indefatigable publisher for the juveniles presents them a touching little volume from the chaste and devout pen of the well-known English writer familiar to us as Hester Straton. This book is called *THE KING'S SERVANTS*. It is a tale of very humble life, and shows how much of the richest form of service may be offered to the Master in the lowliest of earthly circumstances, and what blessed results will follow.

LITERARY NOTES.

Messrs. A. S. Barnes & Co., the publishers of numerous popular hymn-books, report that the "Songs of the Sanctuary" has reached a circulation of 275,000 copies, and that the continued demand for the collection warrants the expectation that half a million copies will be in use within two years' time. Messrs. Ewes & Lauriat have recently issued No. 10 of the series of *Half Hour Recitations in Popular Science*. It contains the "Origin of Metamorphic Deposits," by Prof. T. Sterry Hunt, and the "Phenomena of Sleep," by Dr. Richardson. A somewhat

similar project, under the title of "Half Hour Recitations in Natural History," has just been begun by the same publishers. Three numbers, by Prof. A. S. Packard, Jr., are now out, all in relation to entomology. The plan embraces Half Hours with Birds, Half Hours with Wild Animals, with Domestic Animals, Reptiles, Plants, Trees and Fishes. Each of these volumes will be under the editorship of a competent scholar. Gen. James Grant Wilson has recently published a very valuable book, entitled "Sketches of Illustrious Soldiers." It contains brief histories of the most famous military leaders of modern times, beginning with Gonzalo of Cordova, and closing with Gen. Grant. The author has filled his pages with entertaining anecdotes, many of which are but little known, and has invested his characters with an interest which will be felt by readers who are far from entomology in their tastes. Like many famous men in other pursuits of life, Gen. Wilson's heroes were not remarkable for writing their autobiographies with any clearness. A large number of those given in the book would serve admirably for inscriptions on a Chinese tea-chest, or as extracts from a volume of Egyptian antiquities. The first volume of Mr. Stoddard's admirable "Bible-Truths" series has just been issued. It is a condensation of the recent books of gossip and anecdote written by Chorley, Young and Planche. The second volume is in preparation, and will be filled with personal details concerning Thackeray, Dickens and others. There are a few recent books which have the ray of the "Bible-Truths" series. Messrs. Scribner, Armstrong & Co. have just published that volume of Lange's Commentary devoted to *Revelation*. It completes the New Testament division of this remarkable work, and with the other volumes forms a series combining the results of the latest and most painstaking research by the Biblical scholars of Germany and America. Mr. James T. Fields, in a recent lecture at the Boston Longfellow, said: "To-day there is no disputing the fact that Henry W. Longfellow is more read than any other living poet; his books are more widely circulated, and bring more copyright than any other written in English verse."—Lee & Shepard have in preparation a new juvenile by Mr. Carroll. It is entitled, "How Marjory Helped." The book was the selection of the Boston Library Commission on Sunday-school books, from the numerous manuscripts sent in to compete for a prize. J. R. Osgood & Co. have published Mr. C. D. Warner's narrative of Canadian travel in a third volume. It has the same queer title as the first volume, "The Adventures of Marjory." "Buddie, and That Sort of Thing."—Miss Annals M. Douglass has just published a new book, entitled "Seven Daughters." It is a story of no particular merit, and bears the marks of hurried composition. "Familiar Hymns, in Their Original Form," by Rev. W. L. Gage, of Hartford, Conn., is a very elegant little volume, published a short time since by A. S. Barnes & Co. It contains the originals of a large number of the prime favorites of the Church, and will be of great interest to all lovers of religious poetry. In many of the hymns the variations have been slight; in others, they have changed the whole character of verses, and even the complete hymn. Whether these variations have been to increase the beauty and force of the hymns, the reader must judge. Charles Sumner was noted, during his life, as the most learned of American statesmen, and his posthumous work, "Prophetic Voices Concerning America," shows how varied and thorough was his reading up to the very close of his life. The book is crowded with little known passages from various writers, many of them of remarkable force and beauty, and all bearing testimony to the future prosperity and glory of this continent. It is a book to make an American indifferently conceited and boastful, but we know of no other objection which can be taken to its contents. Messrs. A. S. Barnes & Co. are now publishing Mr. Lyman Abbott's "Commentary of the New Testament." The first portion, consisting of most of the Gospel of Matthew, has been issued in pamphlet form. The *Living Age* for May 2, reprints from *The Edinburgh Review* a very interesting article on "Libraries, Ancient and Modern," in which the author speaks as follows concerning the catalogue of the great library of the British Museum: "The catalogue now forms a continuous alphabetical series of 1,322 volumes, with 21 volumes of indexes. These volumes, conveniently placed in the centre of the reading-room, occupy 312 feet of shelves, being 12 feet in excess of the space occupied by the entire Grenville Library. It is the largest and most complete catalogue of the library, and is formed from the statement that the heading of Bible alone occupies 27 volumes, and contains 15,571 entries; that of Shakespeare occupies 2 volumes, and contains 1,914 entries; Milton 2 volumes, with 855 entries; Aristotle and Cicero 2 volumes each; Luther 6 volumes, with 1,948 entries; Liturgies, 14 volumes, and 1,000 entries; and Greek and Latin 23 volumes. We may add, as one of the curiosities of the catalogue, that the well-known name of Smith engrosses no fewer than 2,687 entries; while the equally well-known firm of Brown, Jones and Robinson appropriate to themselves as many as 4,294. It speaks for the extent and variety of the foreign collections of the Museum, that the copy of the familiar foreign names, Schmidt and Muller, appear in the catalogue in no fewer than 2,600 entries. The *Pall Mall Gazette* has the following amusing item: 'The manufacture of intelligence in times of stagnation is an important industry in the Western States of America, where the newspaper editors are often at their wits' end to find sufficient material to stimulate the interest of their close acquaintances of their readers. Some interesting details are given by the *Cincinnati Gazette*, of the ingenious display of the line by Mr. Bennett, who, in the course of his practice, when called upon to write a eulogy on a deceased person, would frequently resort to the New York ferry-boat line, the Ohio River, where they would find a certain number of persons who had certainly perished but who would witness the occurrence, and who plunged into the water, and rescued them—this gentleman, Mr. Bennett, who was delighted to honor, some of these heroes, however, at last, some of them, and a certain Mr. Kellum, who had several times figured in the columns of the *Enquirer* as the saviour of the drowning, preferred to see that his name might no longer be used for this purpose. He was assured that his request, if it was a pleasure to him, would be complied with; and the promise was faithfully kept. On the day Mr. Kellum read in the *Enquirer* that on the previous day a beautiful little girl, the child of a prominent citizen of New York, had fallen from the New York ferry-boat, and that Mr. Kellum, who was standing close by, and could have rescued her from a watery grave, refused to do so, and that Mr. Kellum, who had been rescued by the gentleman, Mr. Bennett, who was delighted to honor, some of these heroes, however, at last, some of them, and a certain Mr. Kellum, who had several times figured in the columns of the *Enquirer* as the saviour of the drowning, preferred to see that his name might no longer be used for this purpose. He was assured that his request, if it was a pleasure to him, would be complied with; and the promise was faithfully kept. On the day Mr. Kellum read in the *En*

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some minor discoloration and creases, particularly along the right edge where it is bound. The binding material is dark and visible on the right side. There is no text or other markings on the page.

WHAT CAN BE DONE FOR THEM?

By a decision
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and seven year

have withheld, render the volume one of a remarkable character, and full of sensational entertainment.

It is evident that no other living person has in his possession such full and rich materials, not even the members of Mr. Chase's family, for a biography, as the persistent and redoubtable Judge. Not the least amusing and valuable portion of the volume is his incidental reviews of other authors, who have gathered up the records of the administration of Mr. Lincoln and the incidents of the war, or written portraits of the men of the times, like the volume of "Memoirs" by Mansfield B. Field, esq., who fares hardly at the author's hands. A volume dealing so freely with men and their public acts will awaken lively discussion. But what ever opinion may be held as to the judgment of the author in the use of his rare and abundant material, or of his estimate of the character and acts of his contemporaries, or of the peculiar literary style of the writer, no reader will fail to feel the fascination of the material and persevere with interest the disclosures of inner motives and experiences, and of private indignities and opinions, that rarely, so soon after their occurrence, become the property of the public. The political history of the last twenty-five years, so full of remarkable events and changes, as weighed by such a man as Judge Chase, who was at different times a member of three leading parties, and a member of one so prominent as Judge Wood, is one of remarkable interest. Altogether the volume stands by itself, and will be the representative life of its subject, although less voluminous, written in a more graceful manner, and much more eulogistic, will doubtless follow this.

We have no doubt that our young and vigorous book readers, who will circulate thousands of this fine volume in New England.

We were indebted to William B. Merrill esq., of the Boston School Committee, for the privilege of listening to the singing of a choir of fourteen hundred pupils of the different public schools in Boston, last Wednesday, May 20. It was difficult for a while to so far recover ourselves from the powerful impression made by such a body of young persons, in the beauty and vivacity of their young life, as to do justice to their admirable musical training. As they rose simultaneously the imposing sight caused a great stir in our eyes. Who can conceive how much of hope and disappointment, how much of keen pleasure and as keen regret, of high purpose and sad failure, of joy and of sorrow, was embodied in those little forms and laughing faces? God help them all!

It is like comparing seasons with twelve months between, to speak of the relative excellence of the last musical festival. The last, of course, makes the liveliest impression. Measured by the high standard which these schools themselves have created in previous years, it was an admirable success. It is delightful to think what an improvement in the public musical taste must necessarily follow all this careful cultivation. After rendering these great old bodies of young people will turn away with a wholesome revulsion, from the petty and unexpressed strains of much of our current musical literature. The national hymn, by Mr. Eichberg, the director of the festival, its words by his daughter, was finely rendered, and was recalled, both at rehearsal and at the concert, by enthusiastic applause. The program of the festival was well planned, and gave ample evidence of the faithful and efficient training in this fine art, of the pupils of Boston public schools.

By reference to the Minutes, the brethren of the New England Conference will see they voted to take collections for the New England Education Society in the month of May. It would seem as though no word of exhortation were necessary to secure the collection contemplated in the vote. But the numerous blanks in the Minutes prove most conclusively that there are many pastors who take the liberty of omitting any of the collections they please; and with other deservingly causes which have received the sanction and endorsement of the Conference, the New England Education Society has been made to suffer from this neglect. It is a fact worthy of notice that not a few of these blanks are found set against Churches which are large in membership, and have all needed financial ability, so that there can be no valid excuse. The trouble may lie in the fact that the Minutes are not so carefully read, or that the minister is not interested in all the benevolent operations of the Church; or that a habit has prevailed of letting things drift the first of the year, so that there are more collections than Sundays, towards the close of the year. But surely neither one of these difficulties is insurmountable, and the conscience of any earnest well-wisher of the Church in all departments of Christian activity.

The Annual Report of the New England Society will have reached all the preachers in the New England Conference before this article is read, and it is to be hoped that the facts which it contains, concerning the needs and methods of the Society, will be fully set before the people on the last Sunday of this month of May, and a collection taken.

Brethren will find the appointments for each Church in the Conference, at the close of the Minutes. Let no one fail of taking the collection, and let each come up to the full appointment. W. F. M.

The Fifth Annual Report of the State Board of Health of Massachusetts has reached quite formidable proportions. It is a document of 599 pages. This, in itself, represents, and the ability with which the various branches of its subject are treated, justify the time and expense incident to its preparation. The hygienic directions of Dr. Henry J. Bowditch, the examination of the water-supplies of our towns by Prof. Nichols, the very full consideration of the question of abatement of nuisances, the report upon the health of farmers by Dr. Adams of Pittsfield, and upon farm houses by Mrs. T. F. Plunkett, the report by Dr. Upham upon cerebro-spinal meningitis, on hospitals by Dr. Derby, on the political economy of health by Dr. Edward Jarvis, the very full and valuable paper of Dr. Frederick Winsor upon school hygiene (which every school board should carefully read), the work of local health boards by Dr. Ames of Wakefield, on the use of zinc or galvanized iron for drinking water by Dr. Boardman, and the health of towns, form the rich table of contents of the present report. The subjects are all practical, of present and grave interest, and are treated by careful observers and experts in their various branches of study.

By a decision of the Master of Rolls, confirmed by the Lords Justices of Appeal, the Wesleyan Conference Office has lost its copyright upon its hymn-book, thus cutting off a very large revenue from their "Worn Out Ministers' Fund." In 1842 an act was passed extending all existing copyrights for forty-two years, or for the life of the author, and seven years after, provided that before

the termination of the copyright under the old act, an application was made for a new one in the books of Stationers' Hall. By some singular oversight the Conference agents failed to do this, and after earnest litigation the case has gone against them. The result, however, is not entirely evil. The book will now be cheaper in price, and more widely circulated. In addition to this, a new and improved edition will be soon published and authorized, which will enable them once more to recover the annual income from it. What a happy matter it would be if the new book could be delayed until our next General Conference, and then be mutually agreed upon between our Wesleyan brethren and ourselves, as the order of worship in the service of song for Methodist people the world over. The sun would not go down then upon common Methodist songs.

The first installment of Bishop Haven's announced volume upon Mexico, entitled "Our Nearest Neighbor" (a name which belongs to this title, but which the Bishop, doubtless, considers appropriate, as he has always insisted that it is only a question of a short period, and Canada will be a State of the Union, and in such a very probable exigency he will have no occasion to alter his title), is now in the hands of the public. The opening chapter bears the significant mark of its author; it is vivacious, quaint, full of personal incidents; the work of a careful and poetic observer, exhibiting constant life to the evidence of the religious faith of the writer, without the slightest professional cant. The Bishop's papers will add a new attraction for the present to the monthly issues of *Harper's New Monthly*.

Many of our readers, who have in former years visited the office of Zion's Herald, when on Cornhill, will recollect the pale thin figure, and stooping form of the clerk for a long period—Mr. Robert C. St. John. He was for eighteen years connected, in some capacity, with the paper. His brother Charles was for a number of years assistant editor. He has long been sinking under the burden of the disease which he contracted in his youth, and which he died on Thursday, in Somerville, May 21, aged 35. He was a man of more than ordinary intelligence, a good printer and proof reader, and a very valuable man, on account of his general information, in a newspaper editorial room.

We learn from a recent number of the *Kennebec Journal*, that a large number of the Methodist Episcopal Society in Hallowell, assembled at the parsonage to tender to their pastor, Parker Jaques, and his wife, a greeting on their return from Conference. Beautifully expressed, a cordial welcome; the tables groined under a burden of good things; warm hand-grips and the beaming smile indicated abiding friendship; whilst greenbacks and other valuable gifts proved that the love professed was not in word only. Such green spots in a minister's life produce delightful memories. This Society, under the past year's freed itself from an embarrassing debt; greatly improved its channel and pulpit; and is now engaged in completely remodeling its vestry and class rooms.

Rev. E. Davies, the indefatigable evangelist, keeps his pen as busy as his tongue. He has just issued two useful tracts for general circulation. 1. *Stirring Thoughts on Revivals*—an awakening address upon the importance of revivals of religion for the recovery and salvation of lost men, price 5 cts.; 2. *The Gift of the Holy Spirit*, 18mo, 10 cts. price 50 cts. This instructive volume contains discourses, testimonies and exhortations upon the higher work of the Holy Spirit in the redeemed heart. Both of these tracts form good seed to sow for a spiritual harvest.

The sixth volume of the second edition of Appleton's American Encyclopedia is now ready for delivery by the agents in Boston, Messrs. Butler and Fleetwood. The late edition has been an admirable advertisement for it. Public attention has been drawn to its singular merits, and the policy of its publishers fully sustained. In a circular, just issued, are given the names of nearly fifty of the leading Protestant clergymen of this country—among them Dr. Curry and Prof. Bennett of our Church, and Dr. Sumner and Bishop McVey of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, who have contributed to its contents. It is an honor to our literature.

Complaints were made in apostolic days that "their widows were neglected." These lonely mourners have not yet ceased out of the land. What pastor has not desired a suitable and consoling tract or volume to place in the hands of one thus bereaved in the early hours of sorrow. Such a little volume is published at the Book Room, and is for sale by J. P. Magee. It bears the title of "The Widow's Solace;" it is published in good taste, and sold at a small price. Its author is Rev. A. C. Ross. Its contents are original and selected articles, in prose and poetry, appropriate to the bereavement suggested in its title. It must bear kindly and Christian solaces to many stricken hearts.

If any of our readers are in the habit of using morphine freely for the relief of pain, or to secure sleep, or if their friends are indulging in this remedy, more dangerous, and in the end terrible to endure, than the disease for which it is used, let them obtain *The Atlantic Monthly* for June, and read the personal experience of James Coulter Lyard in the use and attempted abandonment of this drug. It has not the weird fascination of DeQuincey's "Opium Eater," but it is startling enough in its details, and written with sufficient nervous energy to hold the reader from its first to its last sentence. Curing morphine with whiskey, however, as the writer admits, seems like "jumping out of the frying pan into the fire."

We are indebted to William G. Brown, esq., State Superintendent of Public Education in Louisiana, for a copy of his report for the year ending 1873. It is a voluminous document of 546 pages, prepared evidently with much care, and is particularly valuable by its numerous statistical tables. The report of institutions for rudimentary and advanced instruction in New Orleans, and in many portions of the State, with all the perversion of school funds during the war, and unfaithful administration since, is full of encouragement. This able portrayal of what is doing, and what is needed through the State, is of itself prophetic of more hopeful days in this great, although now somewhat disorganized commonwealth.

Miss Ella D. Wood, youngest daughter of the late Rev. Pliny Wood, having had the privilege of training in the German language under an accomplished German instructor, desires to secure a position as a teacher in a private family, or as governess. She seeks only for a small compensation, with the privilege of devoting a portion of her time to

her own studies. Miss Wood is a cultivated young lady, and will make a pleasant companion and excellent teacher of young people. Her address is 150 Cambridge Street, East Cambridge.

The committee in charge of the Mammoth Strawberry Festival and Concert at Music Hall, June 10th, announce that the programme will consist in part of good singing, select and humorous readings, and short speeches. The exercises will be interspersed with music by a select band. An abundance of strawberries, ice cream, coffee, etc., will be provided. Tickets of admission, fifty cents.

A grand committee meeting will be held Friday, May 29th, at 11 A. M., in Wesleyan Convention Room, at which all interested are invited to be present.

The proceeds will be devoted to the benefit of the Boston Missionary and Church Extension Society.

John Beardsaw, 179 Fourth Street, Cincinnati, O., publishes a very pretty small map of Palestine and Egypt, with a border of Scriptural illustrations around it, and mounted on a roll. It covers the present and next year's series of International Lessons, and will be an ornament and a very handy reference, hanging upon the wall before the eye of pupil or teacher, while learning the Sabbath lesson.

On the evening of May 29th, at the new church in Malden, our old friend, James P. Magee, esq., gave away his only daughter, Maria T., in marriage to Mr. George B. Shute, in the presence of a sympathizing company filling the large audience room of the church. Rev. T. B. Smith, a former pastor, performed the ceremony. Both of the parties in the beautiful service are to be congratulated, as well as the parents of the happy couple. A long and useful life to them!

A large number of the members of the Temple Street Methodist Episcopal Church, assembled at the parsonage Thursday evening, and Mr. David Snow, in behalf of those present, presented Mrs. Hamilton, wife of the pastor, with a purse of \$100—the occasion being the anniversary of her birth. The gathering was enlivened by music from the Church choir, and was greatly enjoyed.

We have been requested to state that any person or Church desiring to procure a fine Mason & Hamlin Organ, with eight stops, two banks of keys and pedal sub base, can obtain such an instrument at a low price. It has been little used, and is suitable for a large variety. Address Prof. W. A. Carnes, Box 118, Malden, Mass.

The committee having charge of the Agassiz memorial fund have issued a circular, in which they remind teachers and friends of education generally, throughout the country, that the day appointed for contributions to this fund, the 28th inst., the birthday of the great scientist, is close at hand.

The anniversary of the "American Tract Society" (N. E. Branch) will be held in Union Church, Columbus Avenue, Sunday, May 31, at 2 P. M. Addresses by Dr. G. C. Scherbert of New York, Rev. J. C. Trowbridge of Turkey, and others.

Estes & Lauriat add to their Hall of Records in Popular Science, Coal & Reservoir of Power, by Robert Hunt, F. R. S., and Atoms, by Prof. Clifford. To their Hall of Records in Natural History they give the third paper of A. S. Packard, Jr., on The Relations of Insects to Man.

We learn from Rev. I. Luce that the Orchard Beach Camp-meeting will be held August 12-20; and that the Martha's Grove Camp-meeting at Fryeburg, will open August 21st, continuing to the 31st.

The name of H. B. Wardwell was inadvertently omitted from the official list of the Conference appointments last week. He is stationed at Livermore, Mass. Joseph Hawks is stationed at Gorham, N. H., and Hartford and Peru are to be supplied.

Hopeful intelligence has been received by the family of Rev. Dr. Newhall, since he was removed to the hospital.

We learn in a note from Bishop Wiley, that he is steadily improving in health, under the influence of quiet and rest.

It is just the season now to send to Briggs & Brothers, Rochester, N. Y., for a copy of their illustrated catalogue of seeds, plants and bulbs. Their *Quarterly Floral World* is a beautiful series. The April number is especially valuable for its seasonal hints, and contains full catalogues of garden flowers and vegetables. It will be forwarded to any address upon application.

The Mill River Disaster.

For the first time, since Saturday morning, a day indelibly fixed in the annals of the community, I find time or heart to write one word that might be published, to inform those who sympathize with us here, especially the bereaved, homeless, and penniless of our Church and congregation.

The shamefully constructed reservoir that morning permitted a mass of water, covering one hundred and four acres, averaging twenty-four feet deep, to pour down a descending valley, first upon us at the centre of the town, without even one minute's warning to any one, and none to be far. When I got down to my Church, a valley of over fifty acres was being covered with black boiling water, roaring like a cannon, spouting up around trees, dashing thirty horses to pieces at almost the first clip of the coming wall of water gave them. Out of windows I saw women flying their arms and for help; but as I ran toward them the angry, hurrying water, full of upturned trees and debris, dashed against me, and I was struck, met me. No one can tell the feelings excited, standing there utterly powerless to aid those needy of help. To look on homes where pleasant calls had been made, prayer offered, and class-meetings held, going before the wrathful waters, or gone, and beholding beautiful fields made black holes, covered with unsightly heaps of rubbish.

At Skunkville, a mile below, were eight of my families, the heads and some of the children of which were members of my Church. I only looked for a moment, then hurried on to see what had been their lot. I got close down to the roaring flood, then subsiding, and shouted, "who are lost?" More were announced than proved true; but dear Sister Hillman had been drowned while her husband was at Haydensville below, warning the people to flee for their lives. It is estimated by all that he was the means of saving more than a hundred lives. Along my path were three dead bodies; two I knew—one, little Robbie Hayden, a very handsome little boy, of four years of age, who, a few moments before, cried to his distracted mother, "save me! save me!" Only a Sabbath before he had begged of his father

to let him stop in the Sabbath school. Reaching Haydensville, I found Brother George Ames, one of our best members, had lost store and goods here (making him a loss of \$8,000), and some thirty dwelling houses swept away. I only stopped to learn that all my members were safe there. Obtaining a horse, I rode bare-backed, across pastures, through woods, across streams, leading horse through back to Williamsburgh Village, before I could cross Mill River, to get on to where the families alluded to were homeless and friendless, and penniless in most cases. The hitherto happy inmates were crowded many of them into the depot. Going back to my house I got some clothes, and soon we had them in different families.

Sunday was a day of searching for the dead, burying them as fast as they could be found. Nine times that afternoon I stood beside the graves of the drowned, and have knelt beside some one each day since.

Your readers will gain all general information from secular papers, so I have written mostly about our Church. Only two members have been drowned, Brother James Stephens and Mrs. Hillman, and but a few out of the congregation. In all I have eleven families without homes, mostly operatives in the different manufactures. Brother Kepling lost house and furniture. Others lost all their furniture and clothing. Brother Hayden loses two houses. Twenty-five thousand dollars worth of property has been lost where we were before the sad calamity.

We have a debt of \$400 on the church, after the repairs of last summer. We were intending to build a vestry this summer. Not one half of our slip rents can, or ought to be collected; but of course I shall stay with them. If the factories are built up, in a few years, we shall be as strong, or nearly so, as a few days ago.

It is my third year with the people, and I know their wants. They have received aid from Methodist Churches of Springfield, which came very opportune, as the general relief committee are slow in organizing, and readers must excuse this needy. Editor and readers must excuse this needy. Editor and readers must excuse this needy.

Mariboro.—We learn that at this station some souls are seeking Christ, and a good spirit prevails among the people.

Maine.

A union anniversary of the three auxiliaries of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society was held at Pine Street Church, Portland, May 2. An interesting report was read by Mrs. Honley. An essay of marked ability was read by Miss Bell Brooks. Mrs. George Cushman and Mrs. George E. Taylor read letters from Mrs. Butler of Mexico and Mrs. Parker of India. Mrs. Johnstone, the pastor's wife, was made life member of the society.

Ten joined by profession the Williston Church, Portland, recently; and six were baptized and received into the First Baptist Church; and a large number were received into the St. Lawrence Street Congregational Church.

The Congregational Church and society of Fryeburg have called Rev. B. N. Stone, formerly of Loudon, N. H., as their pastor. He will be installed the last of May.

Rev. J. A. Strout, pastor of Newfield Methodist Episcopal Church, is in the midst of a gracious revival. About thirty have been recently reclaimed and converted. Six came forward for prayers last Sabbath evening.

New Hampshire.

Rev. Mr. Watson, Congregationalist, of Hinsdale, recently received a \$116 wage from his parishioners.

The wife of Rev. Corban Curtis, of Titton, committed suicide by drowning May 7. Insanity is the supposed cause.

The First Congregational Church of Nashua is to have six deacons, to be elected for three years.

Rev. J. H. Gannett accepts the call of the Baptists of Lebanon.

The revival continues in our Church at New Market. Sixty-one in the last Sabbath, and nearly 100 received on probation by Rev. O. W. Scott, the successful pastor.

The M. E. Church at Colebrook now has a Church property valued at \$7,000. The parsonage is a fine building. The pastor, Rev. T. Carter, has a salary of \$1,000, exclusive of rent, and has also just received valuable presents. Some 20 have recently been converted. The young people have procured an elegant communion service.

The Colebrook Church gave the new Presiding Elder, Rev. T. L. Flood, a fine and enjoyable reception on the 9th instant.

A new Methodist Episcopal Society was organized the 10th instant at West Stewartstown, starting with 20 members and 10 probationers. Services are held in a hall, but there is talk of a new church.

Rev. J. Thurston, one of our ablest preachers, is improving in health. Though not able to take regular work, he is ready to supply vacant pulpits occasionally. His address is Dover, N. H.

A splendid silver communion service was lately presented the Congregational Church of Canfield, by ex-Governor Smyth. Candia is his native town.

The Congregationalists of Newport are to have a new parsonage. Why not, when one man gives \$1,500?

Hon. J. W. F. Hobbs remodels the Congregational Church at Northampton at his own expense.

Repairs have been made upon the Congregational Church at Meriden, costing some \$3,000.

The Congregational Society of Fisherville has called Rev. M. D. Babbe, who accepts.

A new Congregational Church in Concord is soon to take the place of the "Old North" (burnt some months ago), costing, exclusive of lot, \$32,000.

Rev. J. F. Lovering, Unitarian, of Concord, has resigned his pastorate, to take effect August 1st.

Rev. Rufus Chase, Congregational, of Jaffrey, by request of his society has withdrawn his resignation in order to take a six months' vacation.

Rev. Mr. Cook, of Steep Falls, accepts the call to the Freeville Baptist Church of Rochester.

Rev. J. D. Atkinson, a graduate of the Bangor Seminary, was installed, May 6, pastor of the Congregational Church, West Concord.

There are signs of a temperance uprising in Concord. A meeting of temperance people was held Sunday evening, May 3, at which a committee of two ladies from each religious society was chosen to form a woman's temperance organization.

The Haverhill Congregational Sabbath-school Superintendent has held the position forty-seven years.

NOTES FROM THE CHURCHES.

Massachusetts.

Martha's Vineyard.—The directors of the Camp Meeting Association, on Tuesday evening, voted to continue laying out walks. One will be laid across County Park, connecting the post office with Oak Bluffs.

A committee, consisting of Rev. Mr. Willard, Rev. Dr. Whelan and W. A. Wardwell of Providence, are to procure plans and estimates for building a chapel and a wooden covering to the tabernacle.

Capt. William B. Lawton, the new agent, is giving general satisfaction. And among other improvements he has set out over a hundred trees.

At the meeting of the directors of the Vineyard Railroad Company Tuesday evening, proposals were received from twelve different persons for building the road. The contract was to have been awarded on Saturday, the person receiving it to give bonds to complete the construction of the road in sixty days.

Sterling Camp-Meeting.—We wish to say to the friends of Sterling Camp-meeting, who have for more than a score of years delighted in this feast, that the meeting to be held in June is for the whole people. It does not take the place of our annual meeting, but we hope it will be attended as far as possible by those whose faces are familiar there. It is desirable to have the Society tents put up, thus providing for those who may come from each Society, and where there are but few in attendance, affording accommodations to those who come from a distance, who will be willing to share the expense. Societies that don't wish to use their tents, therefore, and are willing to loan them to the Society, if desired, will be compensated for their use. The committee will not be at liberty to use any tent or cottage without permission.

All the privileges of our annual meeting will be enjoyed by the National.

I. B. BIGELOW.

Letter from Baltimore.

Mrs. Van Cott, of New York, for four weeks held the immense congregation at St. John's Methodist Episcopal Church (Liberty Street), Baltimore, spellbound. Since she left for New Orleans, Mrs. Lathrop of Michigan, has taken her place, with the same happy effect. For many weeks this church has been crowded to its utmost capacity with earnest listeners; and now that Mrs. L. has left, Rev. Mr. Jones, the pastor, continues the work. While he gathers about five hundred as the fruit of the revival, other churches have shared largely.

The Charles Street Old City Station (just as the new pastor, Rev. Mr. Stitt, comes into the field, he gathers seventy-one new members. Nearly the whole religious community has been moved, and the most superficial observer can no longer doubt that woman is the accredited agent in this great work. The God has placed upon her labors the seal of His approbation is equally true! She seems to have been called forth from her seclusion to win with her plaintive voice and mould with her plastic hand the heart of many a one who otherwise might have remained unmoved till the Judgment Day.

The Secular World.

LATEST NEWS.

Gold closed at 112 3/4.

Rochester is en route from San Francisco for New York.

The marriage of Nellie Grant took place May 21st. Six young officers in uniform acted as ushers. The groom, Mr. Algernon Sartoris, entered the East Room in company with Col. Fred Grant. Then came the wedding procession, headed by the bridesmaids in white silk and illusion dresses alternately trimmed with blue and pink, followed by the bride, who wore a white satin court dress elaborately trimmed with boucans of exquisite point lace, looped up on either side with bunches of orange blossoms. Her flowing veil was of white tulle, and she carried a valuable point lace fan. The President and Mrs. Grant followed. Rev. Dr. Tiffany performed the ceremony and pronounced the happy pair "man and wife." After the exchange of congratulations the company repaired to the State dining room, where a sumptuous wedding breakfast was in readiness. They left for England on Saturday, in the Baltic.

There is a mutiny among the students of Bowdoin College, nearly all signing a bond to refuse to conform to the custom of military drill. The expulsion of the offending students will probably be resorted to, unless the students recede from their position.

The government of Guatemala expresses the utmost regret at the inhuman outrage perpetrated on British Vice Consul Magee, and promise to make satisfactory reparation.

The Chicago Presbyterian Council, by a vote of 45 to 15, have vindicated Prof. Sving from the charges preferred against him. He publicly announced his determination to apply to the Chicago Synod for a letter of dismission from the ministry of the Presbyterian Church. He will, however, remain pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian Church, in accordance with the expressed wish of the elders and leading members.

On Friday the United States senate continued all night over the copyrights bill, and at seven o'clock on Saturday the bill was passed by a vote of 29 to 16.

Girard, Illinois, May 24. The national conference of Dunkards met to day, the largest gathering that ever occurred in this county; 10,000 persons were present; religious services were held in the shade of trees, in a large barn and in the church adjacent.

It is estimated that there are in the Mill River district 740 persons who are in need, and that about \$245,000 will be required to make good their pecuniary losses.

The Senate on Saturday passed a bill donating cannon and cannon balls to a number of organizations, which will use them in the construction of soldiers' monuments.

The literary treasures that have been buried for centuries in the immense monastic libraries of Rome, are to be made accessible to the public, by order of the Italian government. Important results, in a historical way, are expected from this decree.

Gen. Grant favors the decoration of Southern soldiers' graves.

Female crusaders against the rum-sellers of Hillsboro', O., were arrested last Friday, and two of the most prominent leaders were fined \$25 each, and a man who accompanied them was fined \$50 and costs. On Saturday 40 were arrested at Hillsburg, Pa., for obstructing the streets. The forty-three temperance women arrested in Cincinnati, last Saturday, were tried in the police court, lectured by the Judge, and then discharged.

The czar left England on the 21st, on his return to Russia.

Rev. E. A. Titus, of Farmington, an invalid for a year, recently had presented him a purse of \$120.

Plan of Episcopal Visitation for 1874-5.

Germany & Switzerland, July 2, Harris.	Portsmouth, July 2, Harris.
Delaware, Wilmington, Aug. 25, Bowman.	Col. Springs, Aug. 25, Bowman.
Colorado, Col. Springs, Aug. 25, Bowman.	Walla Walla, Aug. 25, Merrill.
E. Oregon & Wash., Walla Walla, Aug. 25, Merrill.	Portland, Aug. 12, Merrill.
Oregon, Portland, Aug. 12, Merrill.	Salt Lake City, Aug. 12, Merrill.
Rocky Mountain, Salt Lake City, Aug. 12, Merrill.	Wilmington, Aug. 12, Merrill.
Cincinnati, Cincinnati, Aug. 12, Merrill.	St. Louis, Aug. 12, Merrill.
Central German, Cincinnati, Aug. 12, Merrill.	St. Louis, Aug. 12, Merrill.
North Ohio, Detroit, Aug. 12, Merrill.	Romeo, Aug. 12, Merrill.
South Ohio, Romeo, Aug. 12, Merrill.	St. Paul, Aug. 12, Merrill.
California, San Francisco, Aug. 12, Merrill.	St. Paul, Aug. 12, Merrill.
Erie, Erie, Aug. 12, Merrill.	St. Paul, Aug. 12, Merrill.
Nebraska, Omaha, Aug. 12, Merrill.	St. Paul, Aug. 12, Merrill.
S. W. German, Kansas City, Aug. 12, Merrill.	St. Paul, Aug. 12, Merrill.
Michigan, Kalamazoo, Aug. 12, Merrill.	St. Paul, Aug. 12, Merrill.
Wisconsin, Milwaukee, Aug. 12, Merrill.	St. Paul, Aug. 12, Merrill.
Rock River, Rock River, Aug. 12, Merrill.	St. Paul, Aug. 12, Merrill.
S. E. Indiana, Des Moines, Aug. 12, Merrill.	St. Paul, Aug. 12, Merrill.
Des Moines, Des Moines, Aug. 12, Merrill.	St. Paul, Aug. 12, Merrill.
Central Ohio, Central Ohio, Aug. 12, Merrill.	St. Paul, Aug. 12, Merrill.
Central Illinois, Mattoon, Aug. 12, Merrill.	St. Paul, Aug. 12, Merrill.
Indiana, Salem, Aug. 12, Merrill.	St. Paul, Aug. 12, Merrill.
Illinois, Bloomington, Aug. 12, Merrill.	St. Paul, Aug. 12, Merrill.
Nevada, Carson City, Aug. 12, Merrill.	St. Paul, Aug. 12, Merrill.
Minnesota, St. Paul, Aug. 12, Merrill.	St. Paul, Aug. 12, Merrill.
N. W. Iowa, Batavia, Aug. 12, Merrill.	St. Paul, Aug. 12, Merrill.
S. W. Iowa, Algonia, Aug. 12, Merrill.	St. Paul, Aug. 12, Merrill.
S. Illinois, Mt. Carmel, Aug. 12, Merrill.	St. Paul, Aug. 12, Merrill.
S. Illinois, Newburg, Aug. 12, Merrill.	St. Paul, Aug. 12, Merrill.
S. Illinois, Chattanooga, Aug. 12, Merrill.	St. Paul, Aug. 12, Merrill.
Upper Iowa, Chicago City, Aug. 12, Merrill.	St. Paul, Aug. 12, Merrill.
N. W. German, Wisconsin, Minn., Aug. 12, Merrill.	St. Paul, Aug. 12, Merrill.
Wisconsin, Wisconsin, Aug. 12, Merrill.	St. Paul, Aug. 12, Merrill.
Central New York, Ithaca, Aug. 12, Merrill.	St. Paul, Aug. 12, Merrill.
Tennessee, Brownsville, Aug. 12, Merrill.	St. Paul, Aug. 12, Merrill.
Georgia, Rome, Aug. 12, Merrill.	St. Paul, Aug. 12, Merrill.
Alabama, Irondale, Aug. 12, Merrill.	St. Paul, Aug. 12, Merrill.

1875.

Louisiana, Jan. 6.	Jan. 6.
North Carolina, Jan. 6.	Jan. 6.
Texas, Jan. 6.	Jan. 6.
India, Jan. 6.	Jan. 6.
South Carolina, Jan. 6.	Jan. 6.
Mississippi, Jan. 6.	Jan. 6.
Southern German, Jan. 6.	Jan. 6.
Florida, Jan. 6.	Jan. 6.
Liberia, Jan. 6.	Jan. 6.
West Texas, Jan. 6.	Jan. 6.
Arkansas, Jan. 6.	Jan. 6.

Bishop Harris, not having completed the visitation of our Missions in Europe, other work is not assigned to him.

DORCHESTER BRANCH.

CITY SURVEYOR'S OFFICE.

Dorchester, May 9, 1874.

To the Public:

For over ten years I have suffered from discharge from the ears, attended with partial deafness in my left ear, and ringing, buzzing noise in my head.

Have been treated by six or eight different physicians, but obtained no relief whatever until I applied to Dr. Lighthill, of 34 Beacon Street, who, in less than two months, by a mild and painless treatment, radically cured the offensive discharge—restored my hearing, and removed the distressing noises. I can now hear my clock tick forty feet distant, with the ear which had been deaf so long. In gratitude for skillful treatment and for the benefit of other sufferers, I make this public statement.

C. T. BROWN.

A RADICAL CURE OF DISCHARGE FROM THE EAR OF OVER 30 YEARS' STANDING.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Second Quarter.

Berean Lesson Series, June 7.
Lesson X. Numbers xxi. 4-9.BY L. D. BARROWS, D. D.
THE SERPENT OF BRASS.

4 And they journeyed from mount Hor by the way of the Red sea, to compass the land of Edom; and the soul of the people was much discouraged because of the way.

5 And the people spake against God, and against Moses, Wherefore have ye brought us up out of Egypt to die in the wilderness? For there is no bread, neither is there any water; and our soul loatheth this light bread.

6 And the Lord sent fiery serpents among the people, and they bit the people; and much people of Israel died.

7 Therefore the people came to Moses, and said, We have sinned, for we have spoken against the Lord, and against thee, saying, We have brought thee out of Egypt, and we will not come into the land which the Lord sware unto our fathers, saying, I will give it unto thee. And now we would have died, as thou saidst, because we have not believed in the Lord our God.

8 And the Lord said unto Moses, Make thee a serpent of brass, and put it upon a pole, and it shall come to pass, that every one that is bitten, when he looketh upon it, shall live.

9 And Moses made a serpent of brass, and put it upon a pole, and it came to pass, that if a serpent had bitten any man, when he beheld the serpent of brass he lived.

When the king of Edom refused to allow the Israelites to pass through his country, their course of travel was changed. "The whole congregation journeyed from Kadesh to Mount Hor." Here Aaron was divested of his priestly robes, which, by divine appointment, were put upon Eleazar, his son, and Aaron died.

King Arad, the Canaanite, roused by their approach, fought against Israel, and took some of them prisoners. Then they took a vow, that if God would deliver them out of Arad's hands, they would, according to the divine requirement, destroy their cities. The Lord accepted the vow, and they utterly destroyed, or perhaps doomed them, to destruction. But, as they journeyed from Mount Hor, around Edom, as they could not pass through it the nearest way, which perhaps fretted them, and may be they had to pass over a rough and uneven way, foul and dirty.

"The soul of the people was much discouraged because of the way." This discouragement may have come of various causes. Disappointment, on finding themselves so near the confines of the promised land, without entering it; vexation at the refusal of a passage through Edom, and the absence of any divine interposition in their favor; and above all, the necessity of a retrograde journey, by a long and circuitous route, through the worst parts of a sandy desert, and the dread of being plunged into new and unknown difficulties—all this produced deep depression of spirits. When the heart or feelings are wrong, almost any thing produces discouragement, and all aspects are gloomy. But with the willing and obedient all things are cheerful and pleasant. Toil and opposition are only pastime to those whose souls are in their work, as they move on from cross to victory, and from struggle to triumph. Irregular, hesitating and disobedient professors of religion find much fault with the way; while the true and faithful find it a way of pleasantness and a path of peace.

Wherefore have ye brought us up, etc., is the old cry of complaint, for which they have been so often punished, of which they had repented, and of which they had been pardoned. No amount of bitter or joyous experience seems to teach this stupid people any reform. But they fall into the same errors and crimes again and again, as readily and unsuspectingly as though they had never been involved. No faithfulness of God and Moses could inspire confidence, or effectually reform their habit of distrust and murmuring.

For there is no bread. . . our soul loatheth this light bread. Dr. Clarke says, "the Hebrew word, *hakklelel*, is a word of excessive scorn; as if they had said, this unwholesome, unsubstantial, cheat-stuff." What contemptuous treatment of a standing miracle, by which they had subsisted for nearly forty years without cost, or effort of theirs! How unappreciative, how false! Did they ever subsist better, or in better health and strength than on this heavenly manna? No! The trouble was not in the stomach, but in some place not so easily located, called the will, or a fractious disposition. So long and uninterrupted had they enjoyed this great boon, that they not only had ceased to appreciate it, but even insulted the Giver. Such is human depravity. The more our blessings are, temporal, social, or religious, without divine grace the less we value them; and the less we thank the Giver—particularly if they have cost us nothing. For the same reason, deprivation and affliction bring us round to appreciation and gratitude. Is it not possible, dear reader, that we have so long enjoyed our civil and religious liberty, our Sabbaths, a free gospel, the holy Scriptures, social and public worship, that we have ceased to thank God for them, and use them, if at all, sluggishly?

The Lord sent fiery serpents, as a scourge of this unreasonable, ungrateful and fault-finding people. The species of serpent here spoken of, cannot be ascertained with certainty. They may have been created, or sent from afar for this purpose, or they may have been such as infested the wilderness through which they were passing. Not far from the people at this time, near the gulf of Akaba, were numerous venomous reptiles of various kinds, particularly lizards, which could raise themselves in the air, and swing themselves from branches; as well as scorpions, concealed in grass and dangerous

to sanded travelers. These messengers of divine wrath are called fiery serpents; it is supposed either because that was their appearance, or because of the violent inflammation their bite caused. The original word signifies to burn, and is sometimes translated *seraphim*. Herodotus mentions creatures of this kind, which he says were destroyed by the ibis.

We have sinned, they felt, when they were bitten of the serpents. It is remarkable that this people, so often sinning and repenting, never felt their sins till some fearful calamity came upon them. The great and abundant mercies of God never moved them to penitence; which was a still further proof of their gross degradation. A lofty culture sees the force of an obligation; but brute force only will humble a barbarian. The extent and severity of this judgment were great, as much people of Israel died.

Moses prayed for the people. His faith must have rested alone in God; for by this time he must have lost all confidence in this unstable people. But we see here, as always, God recognizes some mediator between Him and a race of sinners. Such is the heaven-wide distance between His holiness and man's sinfulness, that these parties cannot approach each other without a medium of communication. What communion hath Christ with Belial?

Make thee a fiery serpent, and put it on a pole. The people desired Moses to pray that the Lord would take away the serpents; but He did not please to do that, but provided a remedy for the bitten. God does not always see it best to relieve us from the pressure of His judgments, or the results of our sins, even when He has pardoned us; but He makes such provision for those calamities and evils that we need not be injured by them, though constantly reminded that we are wholly at His mercy.

This figure of a serpent in brass was a divine provision for healing—wholly miraculous, which God adopted, with no human philosophy in it. It was designed to show that the efficacy was of God's grace and power, and not of human art; and also, to be a type of Christ, as the poisonous bite of the serpent was a type of sin.

The Jews themselves say, "it was not the serpent that healed them; but in looking up to it they looked up to God, who healed them." Our Saviour has told us, that "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, so the Son of Man must be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish."

Here are many and striking analogies: They were mortally bitten by the serpent, we are mortally smitten with the malady of sin; they cried for help, and so do we, or perish; they could not provide no means of escape, nor can we; they had faith in God and Moses, and accepted their proffered remedy, and so must we, or die in our sins; they looked on the serpent and were healed, we must by an eye of faith see the Lamb of God, or perish in our sins; God alone provided their method of salvation, and to us there is salvation in none other; they were sensible of their wounds, and made no concealment nor evasions, as we must confess our sins; they were penitential, as we must repent, or all likewise perish; they were not turned away uncured, and we who come to Christ are in no wise cast out; the brazen serpent on the pole healed no one who would not look, as commanded, as our crucified Saviour, lifted up, saves no one who does not accept and rely upon Him alone, by faith, as the only and all-sufficient Saviour; the brazen serpent was the image or likeness of the fiery serpent, as Christ came in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin condemned sin in the flesh.

Here let us learn the humiliation of our natural state or condition, our only and miraculous means of rescue and the harder lesson of accepting at once, cheerfully and thankfully, God's merciful help and invitation to be made whole through His dear Son, our Saviour, Jesus Christ.

ZION'S HERALD QUESTIONS.

Sunday, June 7th.

From the Notes.

- 1 Why did the Israelites have to pass round Edom?
- 2 Where did Aaron die, and why did he not enter the land?
- 3 Who was his successor, and where did he get his priestly garments?
- 4 What vow did the people make, and why?
- 5 What, probably, discouraged the people in the way?
- 6 From what do discouragements in religion usually arise?
- 7 What, in the Christian way, are the sources of courage and cheerfulness?
- 8 What profit did the people show, derived from experience?
- 9 What was their complaint of the manna?
- 10 Was it well founded?
- 11 What was the real occasion of their dissatisfaction?
- 12 Does plenty, or destitution, contribute more to appreciation?
- 13 What have we occasion to fear in this respect ourselves?
- 14 What is said of the serpents?
- 15 Why called fiery?
- 16 When did the people feel that they had sinned?
- 17 Did God's mercies ever seem to lead them to repentance?
- 18 Why was a mediator needed between God and them?
- 19 Did God remove the serpents?
- 20 Was there any natural connection

between the disease, or bite of the serpent, and the remedy?

21 What was this simple remedy designed to show?

22 What do the Jews say healed them?

23 How does the poisonous bite resemble sin?

24 In what respects did the brazen serpent represent Christ?

25 How did the course of the healed Israelite resemble the course of the penitent sinner?

The Family.

THE LAST SNOW-MAN.

Our garden was covered with snow, one March day.
And my two little boys on the carpet at play.
Cried, "let us go out, mamma—say that we can."
And build on the lawn there a great big snow-man!

So, muffled in mittens, and leggings, and tip-top boots,
And what little Bud calls their "wet-ear-clappers,"
In full winter harness my gay little span
Went off on a gallop to "build their snow-man."

With many a tumble, and loud, merry shout,
They rolled the big snow-balls around and about.
Till Jack Frost had pinched both their fingers and toes,
And little Bud's cheeks were as red as his nose.

Then, coming in, "now he is all done," they said,
"If Uncle John only would stick on a hat."
So Uncle John made him a head and a hat,
And eyes, and a nose, and a mouth, and all that;

Put buttons of charcoal all up his white vest,
And a stick in the hand that was crossed on his breast;
And the boys went as happy as kings to their bed—
"Our snow-man shall stand there all summer," they said.

But next morning old Sol—that you know, means the sun—
Peeped out from the sky. "Now," said he, "I'll have fun;
Just look at that white slave of winter!
He be chilling and spoiling my balmy spring air!"

So he broke both his arms, and he bit off his nose,
Shot his bright arrows through him way down to his toes,
Then poured water over him too, till he ran
As fast as he could out of sight—the poor man!

And when my two laddies came home the next day—
For they had been gone on a visit away—
What do you suppose? Now just guess, if you can,
They thought had become of their great big snow-dad?

—MRS. J. G. BURNETT, in *Christian Union*.

THE SQUIRE OF WALTON HALL.

BY DANIEL WISE, D. D.

TIGERS IN THE NIGHT—A BATTLE WITH A BIG ALLIGATOR.

Waterton was very desirous of studying the habits of the largest species of alligator in its native haunts. He wished also to secure a perfect skin and skeleton for a specimen. To accomplish these ends, it was necessary that he should travel some three hundred miles, to a part of the Essequibo river where they were said to abound.

It was a tedious and expensive journey. Nevertheless, he resolved to take it, in the spirit of a chivalric knight, ready to attempt any service, however perilous, in the interests of science, the beloved mistress of his affections.

Behold him, therefore, descending the Demerara, with Daddy Quashi and an Indian in his canoe. After pausing at Georgetown, long enough to procure line and shark hooks with which to fish for alligators, he coasts along the shore to the mouth of the Essequibo. His first day on that river cost him a painful lameness. Having gone barefoot for months in the forests, he only put on shoes in the canoe to protect his feet from the tar on the bottom. The lower part of his legs were left uncovered, and the tropical sun so burned and blistered the skin that, when going ashore at night to seek a camping-ground, he found himself scarcely able to walk, and wholly unable to sleep, because of intense pain.

While lying in his hammock that night, he heard the Indian say, in a tone of alarm:

"Massa! massa! You hear no tiger?"

Listening attentively, he soon heard the softly sounding tread of an approaching tiger. The moon had set, but, by the fitful light of the camp-fire, he soon saw the savage animal, so near that the spots on its body were visible. He was in too much pain to turn and shoot it, had he wished to do so. But he did not. Nor would he permit the Indian to shoot it. He wanted to see how it would act.

When the fire got low the tiger drew nearer, coming at one time within sixty feet of his hammock. When the Indian stirred the fire to a renewed blaze, it retired; now it set on its haunches, like a dog; then it walked slowly to and fro, and at times quickened its steps, as if feeling restless and impatient. All this was very interesting to our naturalist, but quite unintelligible to his Indian attendant, who finally, not relishing such a neighbor, set up a most tremendous yell. The tiger "bounced off like a race horse, and returned no more."

This South American spotted tiger is called the jaguar. It is far less courageous than the striped tiger of Bengal, but is, nevertheless, "a cruel, strong, dangerous beast." These animals were quite numerous near the Essequibo, and Waterton frequently heard them afterwards at night. He says, "they kept up a continual roaring every night. The sound was awfully fine. Sometimes it was in our immediate neighborhood; at other times it

was far off, and echoed amongst the hills like distant thunder."

Such dangerous neighbors, instead of daunting his daring spirit, gave a charm to his journey. He was a stranger to fear, and gloried in contests which called forth all his skill, strength, and strategy. He was one of those rare men who know how to assert their dominion over the brute creation which the Creator gave to the first of men in the garden of Eden. We shall presently see him exercising this ancestral right of man over one of the most horrid animals on the face of the globe.

He reached the haunt of the big alligators, or caymans, and at night could hear their "singular and awful sound." It was like a suppressed sigh, bursting forth all of a sudden, and so loud that you might hear it a mile off. First, one emitted this terrible noise, and then another answered him." But these horrible noises did not frighten him. Rather, they quickened his blood, as the blasts of the trumpet rouse the mettle of the war-horse in the hour of battle.

Four days he baited his shark hooks for these voracious monsters, only to find the bait taken off and the naked hooks left during the following nights. At last, some Indians of the neighborhood made him a hook with four pieces of tough wood, barbed at both ends, and tied to a rope. This succeeded, and early in the morning an alligator, fourteen feet long, was found in the water with this formidable hook in its stomach.

It was easy now to bring the alligator to the surface of the water, and shoot him. But this did not meet the views of our singular genius. He wanted a perfect specimen, with no bullet holes in its skin. To procure this it must be brought out of the water alive, and carefully killed with a knife. How to do this was now the question. His negroes and Indians were terrified at the bare idea, and it required the exercise of all his rare power of commanding men to secure their co-operation.

Having taken out the mast of the canoe, and wrapped the sail round one end of it, he went to about twelve feet from the water's edge, and knelt on one knee, with his face toward the water. His intention was to push the sail covered end of the mast down the negroes' throat, as soon as the Indians and negroes should put it ashore, by means of the long rope attached to the hook in its stomach. When all was ready, he shouted,

"Now, pull away, boys!"

This was a critical moment. He confesses that he felt "somewhat uncomfortable in this situation," but no thought of abandoning it entered his brain. Very soon, as his attendants pulled, the huge jaws and mailed body of the monster appeared on the surface of the water, "plunging furiously." "I saw enough," he says very quaintly, "not to fall in love at first sight." The rope was then slackened, and the alligator went under again. Turning round, Waterton said:—

"I will run all risks. Pull him ashore at once!"

They obeyed, and in a few moments the man and the monster were within six feet of each other. Few men could have commanded nerve enough to maintain such a position. Waterton looked his enemy steadily in the eye, and saw therein the signs of fear and perturbation. Then, quick as the lightning's flash, he changed his plan of operations for one that was never heard of before. Dropping his mast, he sprang up and jumped on the monster's back, turning half round as he vaulted. This gave him a right position. He then seized the creature's fore legs, and by main force turned them out to his back, and made them serve as his bridle.

The monster, not relishing such a rider, began plunging most furiously, and lashing the sand with his powerful tail. It made our hero's seat very uncomfortable and somewhat dangerous. But he was too good a fox hunter to be easily unseated, and too near his head to be reached by its avenging tail. So he kept his place until his flurry was over.

The Indians and negroes were roaring in triumph, and for some minutes made such a din that they could not hear him shouting:

"Pull away, boys! Pull away!"

At last, however, they heard his command, and pulled him and his conquered beast a hundred and twenty feet on the sand. The alligator having become exhausted by its frequent struggles, he now succeeded in tying up its jaws and securing its fore feet in the position he had held them. It was finally dragged to their camping spot, and there our naturalist cut its throat, and after a day and a half of diligent work finished its dissection.

This incident, like that of his battle with the big serpent, sounds so much like some of the mythical exploits related by ancient romancers concerning their imaginary heroes, that one is strongly inclined to question its truthfulness. But the big character of Waterton rebukes the doubter, while the skeleton of this very monster, standing for many years in Walton Hall, and still existing in the Museum at Ushaw College, confirms the statement. Accepting its veritableness, as I think we must, it stands as a unique example of human strength, self-possession and power over brutes; and also of scientific zeal. You must keep in mind that it was for a perfect specimen of this "scourge and terror of all

* Sidney Smith, in reviewing Waterton's Wanderings, in the *Edinburgh Review*, said of this deed, and of the serpent's capture: "His stories draw largely sometimes on our faith; but a man who lives in the woods of Cayenne must do many odd things, and see many odd things—things not generally known to dwellers in Hackney and Highgate."

the large rivers in tropical South America" that he did this daring deed. Having been done by one man, however, I doubt whether its repetition is desirable. Human life is too precious to be recklessly risked for any ordinary object.

Englewood, N. J.

THE BABY MYSTERIES.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

Where did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into here.

Where did you get your eyes of blue?
Out of the sky, as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle and spin?
Some of the starry spikes, left in.

Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high?
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheeks like a warm, white rose?
I saw something better than any one knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get this pretty ear?
God spoke, and it came out to hear.

Where did you get these arms and hands?
Love made itself into hooks and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?
From the same box as the cherub's wings.

How did they all just come to be you?
God thought about me, and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, my dear?
God thought about you, and so I am here.

CHILDREN'S DAY

Has been attended with good results in different parts of the country. In the Metropolitan Church, Washington, the church was profusely decorated with flowers, and the Sabbath-school took the place of the morning service. Dr. Tiffany, the pastor, made an address. Several children and youths were admitted to full membership in the Church, and a good collection was taken for the Children's Fund, under the charge of the general Board of Education.

In one of the churches at Zanesville, Ohio, the day was celebrated in a way not to be forgotten. The aged people had first had a celebration, and on Children's Day the young people took the lead. Flowers, as usual, abounded. The pastor prepared a brief discourse, outlined on the blackboard, concealed till the time of preaching came, and then succeeded admirably in addressing the children and young people. One who was present says of it, "there was fragrance in the air, happiness in the faces of a large throng, unusual melody in the songs, and unction in the sermon, from amid the flowers. Its blackboard outline will likely be remembered."

In Greenfield, Mass., Children's Day was a grand success. The pastor preached in the morning for the children, and in the afternoon to the children, from this text: "Lord, help me." In the evening the Sabbath-school held a floral concert. The collection amounted to about \$40. Two children were baptized.

From the above examples it is seen what an interest and profit may be connected with the observance of this day. We know an instance where calling attention to the value of education in a country Sunday-school on that day, last year, induced three young persons to attend the Conference Seminary.

To encourage every family to contribute at least one dollar to the Sunday-school Children's Fund, under the care of the Board of Education, a beautiful chromo, "Learning to Read and Write," will be given for every dollar received. A specimen has been sent of every pastor, and we trust it will be responded to with a dollar, and a good collection that will call for many more. Remember, every dollar thus contributed will be used to help needy students for the ministry and for missionary work. None but those properly recommended will be helped, and they usually by way of loan, without interest, to encourage them in obtaining an education. Let the second Sunday in June be devoted to education, and let it be well known as the Children's Day.

E. O. HAVEN.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

(From the Methodist.)

I am reminded, children, of how a chamois once saved her young. The chamois lives among the high mountains of Switzerland. It is not unlike a goat in appearance, and it is a very fast runner.

THE HUNTER AND THE CHAMOIS.

The chamois has the greatest affection for her young, and when they are in danger she shows wonderful sagacity in planning means for their escape. A Swiss hunter, while pursuing his dangerous sport, observed a mother-chamois and her two kids on the rock above him. They were sporting by her side, leaping here and there around her.

The hunter, climbing the rock, drew near, intending, if possible, to take one of the kids alive. No sooner did the mother-chamois see him, than, dashing at him furiously with her horns, she tried to hurl him down the cliff. The hunter drove her off, fearing to fire, lest the young ones should take to flight.

He knew that there was a deep chasm beyond, by which he believed the escape of the animals to be cut off. What was his surprise, therefore, when he saw the old chamois form with her body a bridge across the chasm, which she could just span by stretching out her fore and hind legs! As soon as she had done this, she called to her young ones, and they sprang, one at a time, on her back, and reached the other side

in safety. She sprang across after them, and was soon beyond reach of the hunter's bullets.

"I am glad she escaped. What do you think?" asks the doctor.

Here is a very different story, being an account of the mischievous tricks of

MR. MONKEY AND MISS PUSS.

A little girl at sea had two pets on board—a monkey and a cat. She gave the monkey a tin plate, and made him understand it was for his own use; and, when dinner was ready, he would bring it to the table, and hold it out to her that she might place upon it whatever she thought best suited to his taste.

As soon as served, he would carry his dinner to some quiet corner, pussy always following after with noiseless step. Placing his plate carefully on the floor, Mr. Monkey would seat himself; and while he was occupied for a moment in arranging his tail in a graceful position, pussy would stily seize the dainty morsel, and eat it up before he knew what she was about.

On turning round he would glance at the empty plate, then dart at pussy, and pressing her head tightly against his breast with his left hand, as if preparing to extract a tooth, with his right hand he would force her mouth open. Then, bending forward, he would look for down her throat, as if to discover whether his lunch had gone that way.

This happened quite often, for Monkey seemed to forget from day to day the losses he had sustained. Yet he was not without his revenge. Every evening he took delight in surprising pussy in her promenades, by springing at her, seizing her by the tail, and holding her over the ship's side, where he would swing her backward and forward until her shrieks brought some one to her rescue.

After all, puss had the worst of it.

AFTER MOVING DAY.

Most of our households are quieted after the great annual upsetting. The last carpet is tacked down. The strings that were scattered along the floor have been rolled up in a ball. We begin to know the turns in the stairway. Things are settling down, and we shall soon feel at home in our new residence. If it is a better house than we had, do not let us be too proud of the door-plate, nor worship too ardently the fine cornice, nor have any idea that superb surroundings are going to make us any happier than we were in the old house.

Set not your affections on luxurious upholstery, and spacious drawing-rooms. Be grateful, and be humble! If the house is not as large, nor in as good a neighborhood as the one you formerly occupied, make the best of it. It is astonishing what a good time you may have in a small room. Your present neighbors are just as kind as those you left, if you only knew them. Do not go around your house sticking up your nose at the small pantry, and the ugly mantel-pieces, and the low ceiling.

It is a better place than your divine Master occupied, and to say the least you are no better than He. If you are a Christian, going to a king's mansion, and you are now only stopping a little in the porter's lodge at the gate, go down in the dark lanes of the city and see how much poorer off many of your fellow-citizens are. If the heart be right, the home will be right.

"I WANT TO FIND MY PAPA."

A few days ago, says an exchange, a lady was walking along the street, when she met a little girl, between two and three years old, evidently lost, and crying bitterly. Taking her by the hand, the lady asked her where she was going.

"I'm going down town to find my papa," was the reply, between the sobs of the child.

"What is your papa's name?" asked the lady.

"His name is papa," replied the innocent little thing.

"But what is his other name?" queried the lady; "what does your mamma call him?"

"She calls him papa," persisted the baby.

The lady then took the little one by the hand and led her along, saying, "you had better come with me; I guess you came from this way."

"Yes, but I want to go back; I want to find my papa," replied the little girl, crying afresh, as if her heart would break. "I want to kiss him."

Just then a sister of the child came along, looking for her, and led her away. From subsequent inquiries it appears that the little one's papa, whom she was so earnestly in search of, had recently died. In her loneliness and love for him she got tired of waiting for him to come home, and had gone to find him and greet him with the accustomed kiss.

The committee of the Acton Church, in settling their minister in 1779, made the following estimate of the wants of his family: Thirty bushels corn, twenty bushels rye, four hundred pounds pork, three hundred pounds beef, twenty-five pounds wool, fifteen pounds cotton, fifty pounds flax, fifty-six pounds sugar, twenty gallons rum, eighty pounds butter, two hais and ten pairs shoes. As there was no estimate of other clothing than hats and shoes, it is supposed that this was manufactured from the wool, cotton and flax in raw material "by the women folks." What with their maternal duties, house-work, spinning, weaving, knitting and quilting, to say nothing of parish duties and keeping store, as Mrs. Adams did, the minister's wife had a hard life. Yet they brought up large families, and lived to a good old age.

FOR THE YOUNGEST READERS.

THE WONDERFUL CHICK.

We have a pet hen. She is small and white, and, we think, very pretty. Perhaps the boys will be interested to know she is an India game fowl.

Three and a half years ago she was a chick in Calcutta, India, and was given to my little niece Mary, just as she was to sail for America with her parents, who were missionaries. Mary was fond of pets, and had a great many in her India home.

When they started for Calcutta, which was a hundred miles overland, she was so sorry to leave them that her kind parents indulged her wish to take with her a tiny brown spaniel and favorite cat; and, much to her delight, this chick, which she named Calcutt, was added to her store, as I have said.

In their party, and in care of Mary's parents on the voyage, were other children of missionaries, coming to America to be educated; and they, too, were pleased with these pets. A long voyage lay before them—for you may not all know that India is nearly half way around the world, so that it is night there when it is day here.

It was hoped they would all reach home before the severe weather came on; but the voyage was a long and tedious one, and as they drew near the Atlantic coast the weather was very cold and stormy, and they were unable to get into port for a week.

Not used to the cold, for in India it is as warm always as it is here in Summer, they suffered much. There was only one fire on board, and that was in the small cook-room, and for several days the cold was so severe that they were obliged to keep in their berths. A dismal time they had indeed; and what made it worse, many of the sailors were so badly frost-bitten that they were unfit for service.

At last, to our relief, they reached us in safety, pets and all, and hastened to better quarters. Alas, for poor Calcutt! The winter proved very severe. One bitterly cold night Jack Frost, cruel fellow, clipped her toes, and they have never grown again. Now madam Short-toes can be told in this way, if in no other. After this misfortune she was tenderly brought every night to the kitchen, and lodged with the dog and cat.

The Farm and Garden.

ELECTRIC BUTTER.—Mr. Budd Smith of California, gave an exhibition of the wonderful power of his "lightning churn" at the residence of the Commissioner of Patents, recently. A pint of milk was converted into a pound of butter in less than one minute. It is the general opinion that the butter is made "to come" by a galvanic current, produced by the warm water, salt and saltpetre placed within an outer metallic cylinder, which encloses the one in which the milk is placed. The inventor says that the peculiar composition and preparation of the metal used in the several cylinders of the churn are secrets which will not be made public. It is claimed that practically working, five pounds of butter can be made out of a gallon of milk; yet as high as seven pounds and three quarters have been made out of a gallon of pure milk, fresh from the cow. Some objection has been urged against calling the product so obtained butter. It appears to be the result of granulation of all the nutritious particles of the milk in a mass, resembling in all respects ordinary butter, from which it cannot be distinguished. It can be manufactured at a cost of about five cents a pound.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR PEA BRUSH.—In cases where pea-brush is not plentiful, or where something more ornamental and compact is desired, it may be worth while to adopt the method described by *The London Field*. A few rough stakes are driven into the ground, on both sides of the row, about twelve feet apart. To strong cord or tar twine to the end stake and pass it along the line, making a turn on each stake within a few inches of the ground, and as growth progresses raise the next turn a little, advancing in succession until the plants attain their full height. These lines being run on at the right time, the tendrils clasp firmly around them and are sufficiently supported. It is thought that this way of training has the advantage of giving better circulation of air, and of permitting the pods to be gathered with more ease and with less tearing of the haulm than from the brush is used.

THE CANNA FORMS one of our finest so-called sub-tropical plants for massing on the lawn, and in consequence the hybridizers have been increasing the number of distinct varieties in a really wonderful manner. A floriculturist of Lyons, France, has succeeded in obtaining a rare novelty, with beautiful double flowers, of a bright red color. This will undoubtedly form the nucleus of a race of double-flowering kinds, destined to prove exceedingly popular in this country.

TO DRIVE AWAY RATS.—A lady writer, in a recent number of a New York journal, discourses in the following style concerning her treatment of rats and mice: "We cleaned our premises of these detestable vermin by making a whitewash yellow with coppers, and covering the stones and rafters to the cellar with a thick coating of it. In every crevice where a rat might tread, we put crystals of the copperas, and scattered the same in the corners of the floor. The result was a perfect stampede of rats and mice. Since that time not a footprint of either rat or mouse has been heard about the house. Every Spring a coat of the yellow wash is given to the cellar, as a purifier as well as a rat exterminator, and no typhoid, dysentery or fever attacks the family. Many persons deliberately attract all the rats in the neighborhood by leaving fruits and vegetables uncovered in the cellar; and sometimes even the soap scraps are left open for their regalement. Cover up everything eatable in the cellar and pantry, and you will soon starve them out. These precautions, joined to the service of a good cat, will prove as good a rat exterminator as the chemist can provide. We never would allow rats to be poisoned in our dwelling; they are so liable to die in the walls, and produce much annoyance."

LONG FURROWS.—A German agricultural journal prints a plea for long furrows, and the commencing of a new furrow require more exertion in the ploughman and the team than continued work on a straight line; and how great may really be the loss of time from frequent interruptions in short turns may be shown by the following calculations: In a field 225 feet long, five and a half hours out of ten are used in re-directing the plough; with a length of 575 feet, four hours are sufficient for the purpose; and when the plough can proceed without interruption for 800 feet, only one and a half hours of the daily working time are consumed.

If your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind.

Obituaries.

Rev. WILLIAM WYMAN, of the Maine Conference, died at Farmington, March 7, 1874, aged 60 years, 10 months, and 22 days.

Brother W. was born in Clinton, but the most of his early life was passed in Skowhegan. From early boyhood he manifested a hatred to sin, especially the sin of intemperance, and was surrounded him, and cast his baleful shadow over his paternal home. Stories are yet told of his hot indignation against the cider in his father's cellar.

Quite early in life he became the subject of renewing grace, and in due course of time felt the quickening impulses of his native drawing him into the ministry of Christ. He joined the Maine Conference in 1840, and received the following appointments: 1840, New Portland; '41, Anson; '42-'43, located;

'46, '47, Phillips; '48, Wayne; '49, New Soaroon; '50, New Portland, as a superannuated; '51, '52, Sidney; '53, superannuated; '54, located; '71, was made superannuated.

In addition to these charges he labored extensively, under appointment of the Presiding Elder, and made proof of his ministry by gaining souls as divinely attesting seals.

He was embarrassed by a weak and diseased body. A strong spirit sought to labor, during the intervals of sickness, and even when finally laid aside in forced inactivity, his heart longed for the field of his vineyard. He took his place in the local Church as an earnest supporter of the pastor, a zealous worker in the social meetings, an intelligent Christian citizen, and an earnest advocate of every good cause.

Four years ago, at the Richmond Camp-meeting, he received a great blessing. During the past winter, in a season of revival at Farmington, his soul was greatly lifted up. He magnified the grace of Christ. During his brief, fatal sickness, his soul would constantly break out in praising God. He entered into deep rest with a pleasing illusion, as his illness advanced, that it was Sabbath all the time. His last intelligible words were, "come, Lord," and he was taken to meet his Lord.

W. W. BALDWIN.
Saccarappa, Me.

Died, in East Boston, May 4, Mrs. MARY J. MITCHELL, also of Farmington, Me., aged 49 years, 1 month, and 2 days.

After an invalid life of six years' duration, this patient suffered long and severely. She was converted under the labors of Rev. A. Sanderson; was baptized, and received into the Church, Sept. 25, 1843. Grace had wonderfully triumphed over a naturally independent nature. She learned by the things she suffered. Such resignation to the divine will as she exhibited is rarely seen. For so many years such intense suffering brought no complaint from her lips. The last interview with her pastor revealed a depth of patience and a strength of trust that were morally sublime. She had reached by faith into an unseen life that supported her like a rod and a staff thro' the valley of death.

She needed to leave no dying testimony, distinctively for us, who live in the shadow of death for years, and had long since triumphed over all its fears.

W. W. BALDWIN.

ELIZA C. WATERHOUSE died at South Boston, May 1, 1874, aged 65 years and 5 months.

Brother W. was born in Scarborough, Me., and for several years resided in Bowdoinham. In 1853 he was converted at Danvers, Vt., under the labors of Rev. John Young, and joined the Methodist Church, of which he continued a worthy and devoted member until his death. For the last fifteen years he has lived in Boston, ever faithful and zealous in his Christian life and labors. His last sickness was peculiarly long, continued, and exceedingly painful, but was borne with Christian patience and fortitude. He found a sure and abiding support in the Saviour he had loved so long, and joyfully looked forward to the time of his departure from earth. His death was victory. His happy spirit, now absent from the body, is present with the Lord; while the hope of the resurrection gives assurance that in due time even the mortal shall put on immortality.

M.

LUCK A. VAIL died March 25, aged 32 years, of consumption.

Sister V. was converted, baptized, and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church in Wardsboro, Vt., under the labors of Rev. Jeremiah Bemis, in 1853. She was a conscientious, devoted Christian, and possessed a meek and quiet spirit in an eminent degree. During the pastorate of the writer she found that perfect love that casteth out fear, which enabled her to bear with resignation her sufferings many months previous to her death. Patience had its perfect work. The Word of God to her was sweet; she delighted to meditate on the promises of the Saviour. As death drew near, she found it hard to part with her widowed mother, with whom she lived, but grace enabled her to triumph over all that was dear on earth, and to commit her heart-stricken mother to the Saviour's God. Among her last utterances were these: "an trusting all to Jesus; and when speech failed, she answered the question, "Is Jesus precious?" by a sign of assent and triumph.

Geo. E. CHAPMAN.

WILLIAM R. CHAMBERLAIN died at West Stewartstown, N. H., April 10, of typhoid lung fever, aged 22 years and 6 months.

Brother C. was a strong, healthy young man, stricken down in the flower of his youth. He was married two months, to a day, previous to the day of his burial. He and his companion, at their setting out in life, agreed to give the promise to the Saviour, and he fulfilled his part of the obligation faithfully. On the evening of his death he gave decided evidence of his acceptance with God, and passed away in hope of a glorious immortality, leaving his wife and family in mourning. He was a devoted father, and a loving husband, and a lover of the Bible and of the Church of his choice. His final sickness was short, and very distressing; but his language was, "I have nothing to fear; Jesus is mine."

H. C.

Died, in Lincolnville, Me., April 18, 1874, DAVID P. ANDREWS, aged 70 years and 4 months.

Brother A. evidently died, as he lived, in the full assurance of faith. Near twenty-five years ago he made Christ and the Methodist Episcopal Church his choice, from which time we have every reason to believe he has been a faithful disciple. For years he has been a class-leader and also a steward in the Church. I think it may well be said of him, "he has adorned his profession with a well-ordered life and godly conversation." His steadfast life will not soon be forgotten. Dearly beloved and highly respected, he leaves a large circle of friends and acquaintances to mourn their loss. As the time of his departure drew near, he seemed conscious, as he remarked to his friends, that his work was done, and he was going home. "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

W. B. JACKSON.

PAIN-KILLER.

1840. 1874.

Time Tests the Merits of all Things.

THIRTY YEARS is certainly long enough time to prove the efficacy of any medicine, and that the Pain-Killer is deserving of all its popular claims for its efficacy, is proved by the unparalleled popularity it has attained. It is a sure and effective remedy. It is sold in almost every country in the world, and it need only be known to be tried, and its reputation as a Medicine of Great Virtue is fully and permanently established. It is the great Family Medicine of the age. Taken internally, it cures Dysentery, Cholera, Diarrhoea, Cramp, and Pain in the Stomach, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Toothache, Headache, Neuralgia, Indigestion, Sudden Colds, Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat and Croup. Taken Externally, it cures Bruises, Blisters, Burns, Scalds, Old Sores and Sprains, Swellings of the Joints, Toothache, Pain in the Face, Neuralgia and Rheumatism, Chapped Hands, Frost Bitten Feet, etc.

It is supposed to be the lot of no mortal, as inevitable as death, and liable at any time to come upon us. Therefore, it is important that remedial agents should be at hand to be used on emergencies, when we are made to feel the excruciating agony of pain, or the depressing influence of disease. Such a remedial agent is in Perry David's "Pain-Killer," the fame of which has extended over all the earth. And the eternal rest of the soul, or beneath the intolerable and burning pains of the tropics its virtues are known and appreciated. And by its utility humanity has found relief from many of its ills. The effect of the Pain-Killer upon the patient, when taken internally in cases of Cough, Cold, Bowel Complaint, Cholera, Dysentery, and other affections of the system, has been truly wonderful, and has won for it a name among medical preparations that can never be forgotten. Its success in removing pain, as an external remedy, in cases of Burns, Bruises, Sores, and Sprains, Cuts, Stings of Insects, etc., and other causes of suffering has secured for it the most prominent position among the medicines of the day. Beware of counterfeits and worthless imitations. Call for Perry David's Vegetable Pain-Killer, and take none other.

Sold by Druggists and Grocers.

BURNETT'S COCAINE.

For promoting the growth of and beautifying the hair, and rendering it dark and glossy.

NO OTHER COMPOUND

possesses the peculiar property which so exactly suits the various conditions of human hair.

A REMARKABLE CASE.

EAST MIDDLEBORO, MASS., June 8, 1864.
MESSRS. J. W. BURNETT & Co., Gentlemen.—Your hair-oil has done me a great deal of good. I have used it for several months, and my hair has become as smooth as my face. Two years ago my hair began to fall out, and I was obliged to wear a wig. I tried many remedies, but none did me any good. I then tried your "Cocaine," and the result was astonishing. I had not used half the contents of a bottle before my hair began to grow again. I have now a full head of hair, and I am a much younger man than I was. I am, Sir, your truly, W. M. EDDY.

W. M. EDDY.

MR. EDDY'S TESTIMONY RENEWED.

EAST MIDDLEBORO, MASS., Jan. 8, 1867.
MESSRS. J. W. BURNETT & Co., Gentlemen.—Soon after writing you last, my daughter delayed using COCAINE for a few months, when her hair again came out, but it was not so thick as before. I then tried your "Cocaine" again, and the result was astonishing. I had not used half the contents of a bottle before my hair began to grow again. I have now a full head of hair, and I am a much younger man than I was. I am, Sir, your truly, W. M. EDDY.

W. M. EDDY.

IT IS THE BEST AND CHEAPEST HAIR-DRESSING

in the world; it promotes the growth of the hair, changes it from its natural color to a rich brown, and keeps it from falling out.

Sold by all Druggists, and by the Manufacturers.

ROUILLARD & GILSON,

663 Washington St., Room 7, GEO. C. GOODWIN & Co., Wholesale Agents, 417 N. Main St., Boston.

NOTICE CONCERNING CONNELL'S

Brahminical Moonplant

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SCOVILL'S

Blood and Liver Syrup!

ALL ENRAGED CRUISING ON THE FACE OR BODY INDICATE

AN IMPURE CONDITION OF THE BLOOD.

and this may, or may not be SCOVILL'S; but in either case, the remedy is nothing more than a SCOVILL'S

POISON that

BURNS LIKE A TERRIBLE FIRE,

as it courses through the veins, sowing seeds of death with every pulsation.

In this condition of things something is needed AT ONCE, TO CLEANSE THE BLOOD; and

SCOVILL'S BLOOD AND LIVER SYRUP

will positively effect this desideratum, expelling every trace of disease from the blood and system, and leaving the skin

SOFT, FAIR AND BEAUTIFUL.

Hundreds of certificates attest its value. Price \$1 per bottle.

JOHN F. HENRY, CURRAN & CO., Proprietors, 8 and 9 College Place, New York.

ALSO PROPRIETORS OF

Hall's Balm for the Lungs, Carbolic

Salve, Eddy's Catarrh Troches, Dr. Ross's

Remedy for the Lungs, Dr. Ross's

Remedy for the Lungs, Dr. Ross's

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INSURANCE DEPARTMENT.

TRUTH IN A NUTSHELL.

BY REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

THE large number of Life Insurance Companies implies that there are existing conditions which strongly call the attention of the community to this subject. It is in such unsettled times that the peculiar benefits of life insurance are made most manifest. Men are anxious for the future. Thousands have families growing up around them, whose property depends upon the continuance of the father's life. Should he die, the income would cease; the children must be withdrawn from school; the mother and older children must resort to every expedient merely to sustain the family; and in many cases, with the utmost exertion, this cannot be done; the wife will return to her father for support, and the children, separated, must go—the older to seek work, and the younger to be distributed among friends. Such histories are of constant occurrence. They befall men least expecting them. While business is active, and prosperity gives exhilaration and hopes, men can hardly be made to feel that they are within a hand's breadth of utter reverse, and that their families may be scattered in a month by the death of the head, as a brood of chickens is scattered when a hawk, with a fell swoop, seizes down upon the mother. But hard times lead men to think of these things.

Now, if a man has insured a sum of five or ten thousand dollars upon his life, this anxiety and foreboding is removed. While he lives he can support his family. If he dies, there is ample provision made for them.

There are, doubtless, thousands who had the means of insuring their lives two years ago, but who are now too poor to do it. There are many yet able who neglect it because they do not expect to be poor, who nevertheless will become impoverished. We are so deeply impressed with the importance of such prudential considerations, that we regard the matter not simply as one of prudence, but as a moral duty.

Once the question was: Can a Christian man rightfully seek such assurance? That day has passed. Now the question is: Can a Christian man justify himself in neglecting such a duty?

If life insurance was a mystery of finance, a speculation, a lottery of venture, a substitute for industry and frugality, or in any way a presumptuous distrust of Divine Providence, a good man might well shrink from it. But if it be founded upon sound principles, if it deals not in uncertainties, but with sober and carefully ascertained facts, regulated by natural laws, and is as conformable to scientific truths as is any ordinary business of the mechanic, the merchant, the farmer, then there can be no just scruples at life insurance, and it becomes a matter of prudence, and thus of duty.

It is every man's duty to provide for his family. That provision must include its future contingent condition. That provision, in so far as it is material, men ordinarily seek to secure by their own accumulation and investments. But all these are uncertain. The man that is rich to-day, by causes beyond his reach is poor to-morrow. A war in China, a revolution in Europe, a rebellion in America, overrule ten thousand fortunes in every commercial community.

But in life insurance there are no risks or contingencies. Other investments may fail. A house may burn down. Banks may break, and their stock be worthless. Bonds and mortgages may be seized for debt, and all property, or evidences of property may fall into the bottomless gulf of bankruptcy. But money secured to your family by life insurance will go to them without fail or interruption, provided you have used due discretion in the selection of a sound and honorable Assurance Company. Of two courses, one of which may leave your family destitute, and the other of which assures them a comfortable support at your decease, can there be a doubt which is to be chosen? Can there be a doubt about duty?

There are many difficulties and objections, in respect to life insurance, resting upon the minds of good men, and the following questions have been put to us and to others on this subject:

1. Has a man a right to make the continuance of his life the basis of bargain? Is it not turning a very solemn thing into a mere commercial transaction?

Life insurance is nothing but a mode of laying up money for one's family or for dependents. Every prudent man that can do it provides, while he is strong, for the time when he shall be weak; and seeks, for the same reason, while he is with his family, to make provision for their wants when he shall be removed. In one sense, every prudent man makes his own decease the basis of commercial action. He ought to do it. Every reason which makes it a man's duty to provide for his family while living, acts with far greater force to secure for them a comfortable subsistence after he shall have been removed from them.

2. But are we not forbidden taking thought for the morrow?

Not in the sense now attached to the words, "taking thought." The thing forbidden is undue anxiety about temporal matters. We are forbidden to fret and worry about our future support. One way to avoid that sin is to secure the future by a wise providing. Who is most likely to worry about the fate of his wife and children—a man who has money laid up for them, or one who has not a cent to pay his own funeral expenses?

3. But has a man a right to take the future out of God's hands? Ought we not to trust in Providence?

A man that does all he knows how to do, and nobody else, has a right to trust in Providence. God gave us reason, that it might be used. God is honored by those who use His gifts, and not by lazy or stupid folks, who think that doing nothing is trusting Providence!

"Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed."

We have no right to trust God for anything which He has enabled us to obtain by our own skill and industry. Providence will not pay a premium on indolence.

4. Granting that there are no moral objections to life insurance, are there not ways of laying up for one's family? Is it not better to invest in real estate, or put money in the bank?

There is no doubt that in either of these methods a family may be provided for. But it must be remembered that you take upon yourself all the risks in such a case. Your affairs may become involved, and your property taken for debt. Your stocks and shares may fall in value. But a policy upon your life cannot be taken for debt; cannot be alienated from your heirs; and, if you have chosen your company discreetly, is subject to no commercial risks. It is as nearly sure as anything earthly can be.

5. But why is it not better to put my money in a savings bank? Then my family can obtain the deposits and interest without any material risk, and there will be no danger, as in life insurance, of forfeiting the whole by a neglect or inability to pay the annual premium.

Life insurance is nothing but a savings bank upon a different principle. A common savings bank will pay what you deposit, with interest only.

6. There is an objection founded upon the risk of losing one's policy if one neglects the payment of the annual premium.

This difficulty is obviated in all good assurance companies, by an arrangement for commutation. If one can no longer pay his premium, he can sell his policy to the Society for a given sum, which is determined, not by the caprice of directors, but upon a regular scale; or he can commute for a proportionate part of his original policy, which shall be paid to his heirs without further annual payments on his part. One does not lose what he has paid in. A large proportion returns to him. That which is retained is equitably retained for expenses and for the risk of his life under which the Society has lain.

7. It is to be remembered that many of our best insurance societies are mutual. Those who insure are stockholders. After a given time they receive upon their policies an annual dividend of the profits. This may be applied either to the part payment of the annual premium, or to the increase of the whole sum assured. Some insurers have, in the course of fifteen years, received back in dividends, payable at death, more than the whole sum paid from year to year.

8. The last question asked is perhaps not less important than any of the preceding, namely: "How shall we know what societies are sound and well managed?" Just as you know what banks are good and what bad—by inquiring; by your common sense. Just as you find out a good doctor, a good lawyer, a good school, a good hotel.

We have insured our own life in the Equitable Life Assurance Society of New York. We should select it again if we were to choose again.

Business Notices.

Centaur Liniments

allay pain, subdue swellings, heal burns, and will cure rheumatism, sprain, and any flesh, bone or muscle ailment. The White Wrapper is for family use, the Yellow Wrapper is for animals. Price 50 cents; large bottles \$1.

Children Cry for Castoria.

A perfect substitute for Castor Oil, but more efficacious in regulating the stomach and bowels.

FOR MOTH PATCHES, FRECKLES

AND TAN. Ask your Druggist for Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion. The action of these remedies on the skin, checks the too rapid effusion of the watery humors into the absorbents, and by equalizing the flow of the secretions, renders the disease comparatively inactive, the skin, by penetrating through the pores of the skin, draws by evaporation the impurities from the interior. The Pills purify the blood and strengthen the digestive organs. Sold by all druggists at depot 78 Maiden Lane, N.Y.

DR. E. D. SPEAR,

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE

713 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON.

To the many who need the services of an experienced, successful physician, we would say consult DR. E. D. SPEAR, so much celebrated for his remarkable cures, and you will never regret having taken this advice.

Dr. SPEAR may be consulted upon all diseases, free of charge.

A. S. FLAGG, Dentist.

120 Tremont Street, BOSTON.

Holloway's Pills and Ointment.—Dose:—The action of these remedies on the blood, checks the too rapid effusion of the watery humors into the absorbents, and by equalizing the flow of the secretions, renders the disease comparatively inactive, the skin, by penetrating through the pores of the skin, draws by evaporation the impurities from the interior. The Pills purify the blood and strengthen the digestive organs. Sold by all druggists at depot 78 Maiden Lane, N.Y.

FOR BREAKFAST MOST AMERICANS ignore tea,

and yet a vast number find coffee positively injurious. Walter Baker & Co., of Boston, by a peculiar process, now prepare a "Breakfast Cocoa," which, while it preserves the Theobromine and nutritive portion of Cocoa, leaves no sensation of heaviness after its use. Sold by all grocers. These choice goods have been in the market since 1780.

WEEK'S DOINGS IN WALL STREET.

Plans stock operations on capital with Wall Street. TUMBLING & CO., 9 Wall St., New York.

ANOTHER INVOICE OF BOYS' CLOTHING FROM NEW YORK. To 15 Boys from 6 to 14 years of age—a good suit for \$1.25. One suit for \$1.50. One suit for \$2.00. One suit for \$2.50. One suit for \$3.00. One suit for \$3.50. One suit for \$4.00. One suit for \$4.50. One suit for \$5.00. One suit for \$5.50. One suit for \$6.00. One suit for \$6.50. One suit for \$7.00. One suit for \$7.50. One suit for \$8.00. One suit for \$8.50. One suit for \$9.00. One suit for \$9.50. One suit for \$10.00. One suit for \$10.50. One suit for \$11.00. One suit for \$11.50. One suit for \$12.00. One suit for \$12.50. One suit for \$13.00. One suit for \$13.50. One suit for \$14.00. One suit for \$14.50. One suit for \$15.00. One suit for \$15.50. One suit for \$16.00. One suit for \$16.50. One suit for \$17.00. One suit for \$17.50. One suit for \$18.00. One suit for \$18.50. One suit for \$19.00. One suit for \$19.50. One suit for \$20.00. One suit for \$20.50. One suit for \$21.00. One suit for \$21.50. 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